the weekly
Standard
JUNE 10, 20
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JEWS AND THEIR ENEMIES
AMITAI ETZIONI • DAVID GELERNTER

"Too Important to Be Left to the Generals"

Michael Barone on Eliot A. Cohen's 'Supreme Command: Soldiers, Statesmen and Leadership in Wartime'

PLUS:
REUEL MARC GERECHT on George Tenet
DONALD E. WESTLAKE on George Bush

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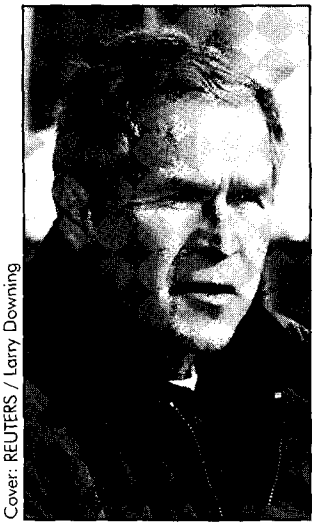

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Spin Doctor, Heal Thyself

A couple of months ago, top Pentagon flack Victoria Clarke embarrassed the *San Francisco Chronicle* by sending a letter to the editor with quotations from an audiotape of Paul Wolfowitz's interview with the paper and then pointing out that a critical editorial had misquoted the deputy defense secretary.

Has that success gone to her head? Last week Clarke sent a similarly huffy letter to the *Washington Post*, which the *Post* dutifully published at the top of its May 27 editorial page. "In its May 23 editorial 'Untimely Warnings,'" wrote Clarke, "The Post suggested that Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld characterized as inevitable that there would be terrorists armed with nuclear bombs or other weapons of mass destruction. He did not say that."

What did he say? Clarke, as before, helpfully provides the transcript. It's long, so let's cut to the good part. Quoth Rumsfeld: "In fact facing the facts, we have to recognize that terrorist networks have relationships with terrorist states that have weapons of mass destruction, and that they inevitably are going to get their hands on them."

Huh? Maybe they speak a different language at the Pentagon, but we've read this forwards and backwards, and as far as we can tell, Clarke has managed only to demonstrate that the *Post* editorial page characterized her boss's testimony with punctilious exactitude.

She adds, portentously: "Given the seriousness of the topic, we should all strive to be as precise and accurate as possible." Indeed. ♦

Leahy on a Bender

President Bush's nomination of Miguel Estrada to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit is in trouble—and for no particular reason. What does Senate Judiciary chairman Patrick Leahy, who's been blocking Estrada's nomination for almost a year now, have on him? Nothing.

Or almost nothing. One lone leftist, Paul Bender, former political deputy of the solicitor general's office and now at Arizona State law school, once worked with Estrada and says he doesn't have a "judicial temperament." The problem, to the extent that it is not merely personal, is that Bender is a dyed-in-the-wool left-liberal, and Estrada is not. (It was Bender who, in 1993, landed the Clinton administration in political hot water—and subjected it to a unanimous Senate rebuke—by aggressive interpretations that would have liberalized child-pornography laws.) It is on the basis of Bender's misgivings that committee Democrats claim to be stalling.

Since Bender has not been more specific than that he doesn't like Estrada's "temperament," his charges have failed to convince even the liberal policy establishment that could be expected to pronounce against Estrada. Clinton honcho (and Gore recount maestro) Ron Klain has written a letter to Leahy vouching for Estrada. The American Bar Association's review panel voted unanimously that Estrada was "well qualified" for the post, *after* Bender first aired his charges.

Committee Democrats are now engaged in an effort to find something, anything, on Estrada. They have called all the associates at his law firm, Gibson, Dunn, & Crutcher. The president of the liberal Alliance for Justice, Nan Aron, told the *Legal Times*: "There is a dearth of information about Estrada's record, which places a responsibility on the part of senators to develop a record at his hearing."

"Developing a record" is exactly what Democrats have failed to do. But they are trying to embroil his nomination in controversy by other means. Leahy—inadvertently revealing the shallowness of his civil libertarian principles—recently wrote a letter to Estrada asking for copies of all internal memos he wrote at Gibson. Any first-year law student would know that there's no way such stuff—protected by attorney-client privilege—can be released. Leahy's move looks like a gambit designed to lure the present solicitor-general, former Gibson partner Ted Olsen, to assert that privilege on Estrada's behalf.

No one in the White House ought to be suckered this way. On the other hand, it's time the administration started calling a few of Leahy's bluffs. ♦

Keystone Kops

Last Tuesday, there was a major advance in the Chandra Levy investigation, or rather, what could only pass for a major advance when the Washington, D.C., Metropolitan Police Department is spearheading the investigation. Nearly a week after Levy's skeletal remains were found in Rock Creek Park, the D.C. medical examiner announced that he was ruling her death a "homicide."

For those keeping track at home, it should be noted that over a year has passed since Levy's disappearance, and yet the D.C. police are responsible for exactly zero breaks in the case. This hasn't stopped D.C. Police Chief Charles Ramsey from insisting, "We are one of the best police agencies in the world and we will solve this case, I guarantee you that." While the reemer-

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gence of the Chandra story has allowed Ramsey to appear frequently on television to talk about how he can't talk about how the investigation is proceeding, he doesn't seem even slightly embarrassed that Levy's body wasn't discovered by his officers, who purportedly combed every inch of Rock Creek Park over nine days last summer, but by a man out walking his dog, looking for turtles.

If it seems we're being unnecessarily harsh, you must be from out of town. For over the last several years, the *Washington Post* has voluminously documented what a farce D.C. police operations have become. Last year, they botched the high-profile murder investigation of a Gallaudet University student, failing to note that the victim's wallet was missing and that a suspect had used the deceased's debit card on the day of his death. (The suspect went on to kill a second victim.)

After a year-long investigation of the department in 2000, the *Post* reported that D.C. police had closed only one-third of the homicides that occurred in 1999, a problem that may have been exacerbated by the loss of hundreds of homicide case files. Of cases that had been closed "administratively" without arrests being made, over one-fourth of the jackets that the *Post* examined contained no paperwork explaining why they'd been closed.

Which is not to say that the department isn't good at some things. They're very good at separating citizens from their money. Last year, a D.C. inspector general's report revealed that D.C. police officers had been colluding with tow companies to tow legally parked cars—some of which had even been parked in neighboring Maryland—concealing them on impound lots, then gouging owners for steep storage fees if they were able to locate their cars at all. Likewise, D.C.'s three-year-old red light camera program and nine-month-old photo radar program have netted $16.4 million and $12.2 million for the city, respectively.

Still, despite the blinding efficiency with which D.C. police rake revenue, THE SCRAPBOOK is skeptical that they'll be able to find Levy's killer. After all, this is a police department that actually lost 7 percent of its own police cars, as Christopher Hitchens reported a few years ago in a piece aptly titled "District of Contempt." "We're going to work this case," insisted Chief Ramsey on the *Today* show, "I don't care if it takes 10 years, but we will solve it." We wish you Godspeed, Chief. We'll let you know if we hear anything. And if you hear anything, it's probably the sound of us not holding our breath. ♦

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Casual

Leaves of Grass

I once lived across the street from Mr. Perfect. That wasn't his real name, of course. I don't think I ever knew his name. I called him Mr. Perfect because of his yard. I had moved from an apartment in the city to a house in the suburbs, and Mr. Perfect's yard was just the kind of thing a man used to leave the city for. It was like a shimmering emerald, melted down and smoothed out to a flawless plane that swirled around the trunks of trees and kissed the distant borders where azaleas bloomed. On sun-dappled days the lawn seemed to reflect the blossoms like a plate of glass.

My wife and I saw Mr. Perfect as a figure of fun. His devotion to his lawn consumed him. On the few occasions when we talked he spoke with the abstracted air of an astrophysicist, in a language known only to a few; his variegated aeration, he would tell me, had reoxidized his stolons and rhizomes, and I would nod and hurry home to recount the amusing conversation to my wife. At any hour of daylight, in any season, you could look out the window and see him doing something improbable to the grass—basting it in mysterious potions, plucking it and holding it up to the light.

"You're not going to believe it," my wife said one morning. "Go look."

I went to the window. Mr. Perfect was on his hands and knees, his skinny bottom wagging in the air, his glasses perched on his forehead, holding a ruler against the grass.

"He's measuring the blades," she said.

We chuckled about him long after he had moved away. I chuckle less frequently now. This spring, after years of hiring a mowing service, I seized control of my yard myself. As an opinion journalist I try never to know too much about any one subject, but I've learned quite a bit about grass. In mowing I've learned, for example, not to violate the Rule of One-Third, which forbids cutting a blade by more than one-third of its height. I love my lawn. I want it to be broad and even and smooth, perfect even as Mr. Perfect's was perfect. And I notice that as my own views on the subject evolve in one direction, the cultural consensus moves in the other.

Darren Gygi

In the beginning, in America, a yard was the family garbage dump. A lawn, such as those found at Monticello or Mount Vernon, denoted affluence: The owner could afford to set aside a patch of land for purposes of aesthetics or recreation. With the great suburban migration, the lawn was democratized, becoming a sign that anyone, regardless of class or creed, could share in the reflective pleasures of the elites.

As part of the general inversion of values accomplished over the last thirty years, affluent Baby Boomers came to see this celebration of upward mobility as a tool of oppression. By the late 1980s, there arose in opposition to the traditional "industrial lawn"—smooth, even, chemical-drenched—a movement in favor of "natural lawns," bumpy and chemical-free, non-conformist and liberated from man's hegemony. Another name for the "natural lawn," of course, is "weeds"; also, eventually, "dirt." But the natural lawn fulfilled its primary purpose (all Boomer reforms disguise ulterior motives) of releasing the homeowner from the need to take care of his yard.

As things turned out, America did to the natural-lawn movement what it does to all revolutionary assaults from within, as it did, for example, to rap music or feminism: It digested it, removed its incendiary ingredients, and spit it back out as yet another anodyne expression of middle-class life. Traditional lawns such as the one I strive for are still deemed vulgar by tasteful people, but the lawn itself has survived, as one "design element" among many. If you look hard at the yuppie yard you might see a narrow rivulet of grass shimmer among broad swaths of other ground covers: ivies and clovers and "rock gardens" and heaps of mulch in every shade of dun.

This ideological history has, for me, raised the stakes considerably. I mow, I overseed, I drench with chemicals. I found myself last week pacing the length of the lawn, the day after a grueling session with the mower. I had worried that the grass might be too wet to mow, but I had mowed anyway. There had been unevenness. I had wanted to see the smoothness. I had wanted the flawless emerald plane. But now clumps of clippings were matted in the turf—a sure signal that I had mowed before the grass was properly dry. As I watched helpless, my stolons, my very rhizomes, were weakening, breaking down. I saw one patch where the grass was turning an incipient yellow, then another. I had cut too wet, and I had cut too short. I had violated the Rule of One-Third.

Or had I? I ran to the house. My wife stopped me as I turned from the desk in the family room. "Where do you think you're going with that ruler?" she said.

Andrew Ferguson

Mr. Ferguson, a Weekly Standard *contributing editor, is a columnist for Bloomberg News.*

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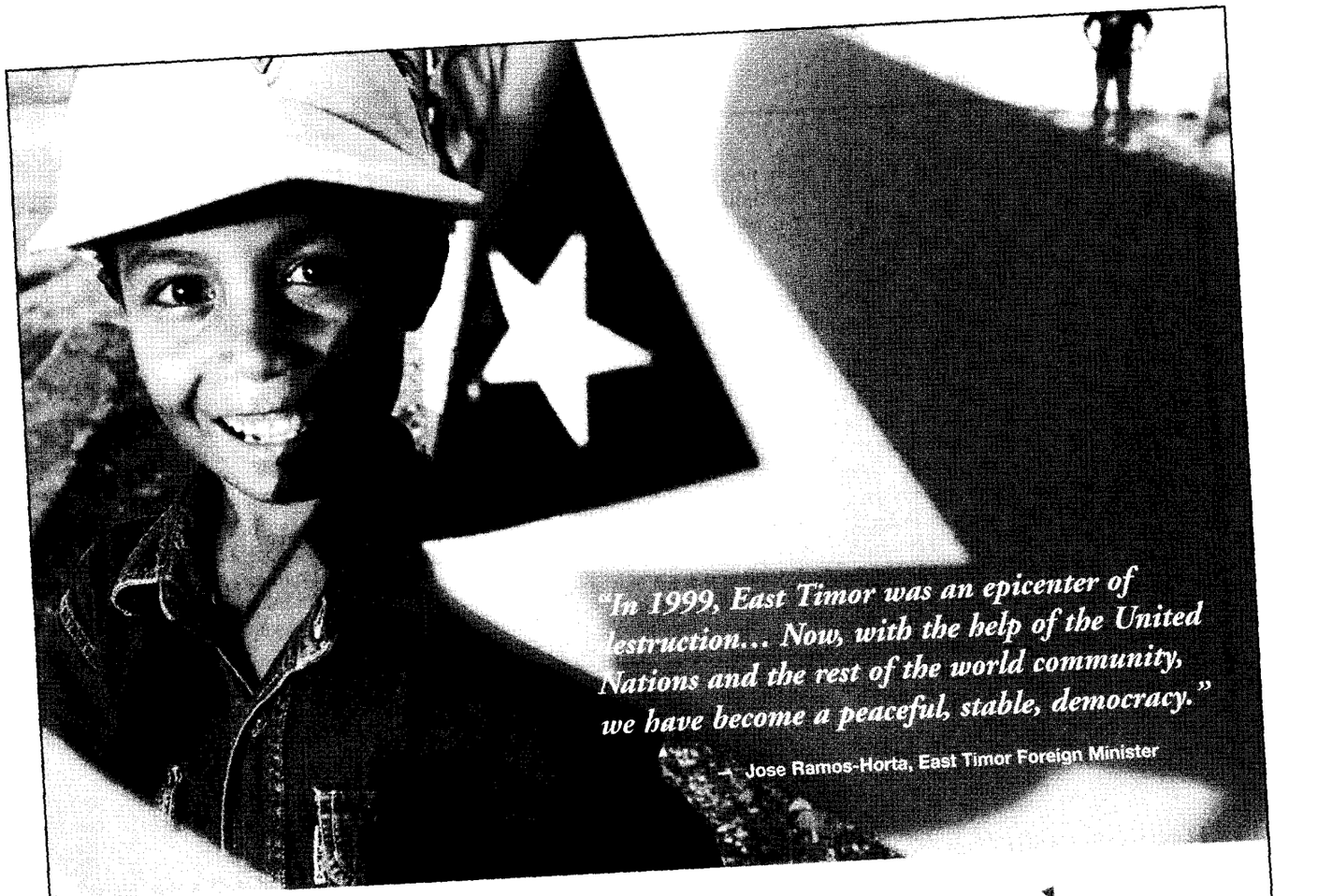

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Time to Spy on the CIA

Robert Kagan and William Kristol's "Time for an Investigation" (May 27) is right on the money: We need an independent investigation of the very services that were designed to protect America. For far too long we have believed without question in our intelligence community. In response the CIA and FBI have produced Aldrich Ames, Robert Hanssen, and Jonathan Pollard.

The entire State Department also needs an overhaul. While it is true that our view of the Saudis needs reconsideration, so does our view of Israel, which sees fit to spy on us (Pollard) and beg us to pardon criminals (Pollard and Marc Rich). With friends like these we need no enemies. If we fail to review these things which seem to be functioning poorly at best, we deserve them. Our heirs will pay the price.

Bill Kelly
Dundas, MN

Hindsight and Foresight

Hurrah for Fred Barnes's "Arm the Pilots and Profile the Passengers" (June 3). This dose of common sense is sorely needed, particularly after Robert Kagan and William Kristol's "Time for an Investigation," which suffers from hindsight bias.

Everyone should look, as I do, from the cockpit at the September 11 surprise. Airline guidelines at the time read much like instructions to Burger King employees in the event of an armed confrontation: Be passive, remain calm, give the gunman what he wants. Prior to September 11, hijackings were of the "Fly me to Cuba" genre at worst. Hijackers were seldom trained to fly a jet. So regardless of FBI director Robert Mueller's admissions, the pilots and the airlines never could have seen it coming.

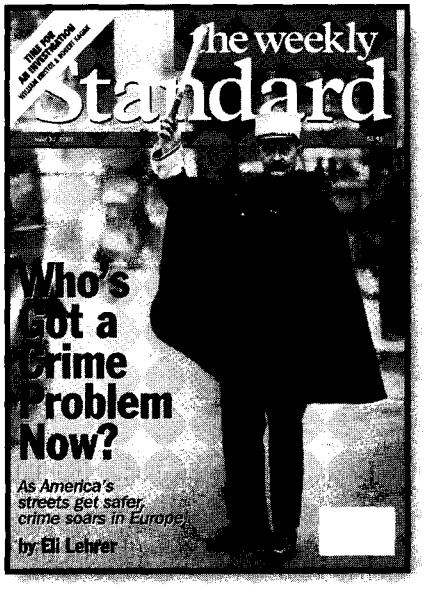
The attacks of September 11 were akin to a deadly computer virus that uses a free and open architecture to destroy its host. But, likewise, once the threat is typecast, it is easily warded off.

The danger of an exact repeat is minimal, so we should be on our toes for something else, say a frigate with a "dirty nuke" or a suitcase bomb on a monorail. The next hit will be as unthinkable as the first. Any bureaucratic, rearward looking fandangos will amount to naught.

Charles H. Farley
Greenville, NC

Fred Barnes finds it "downright inexplicable" that the authorities charged with airline security should oppose arming pilots and conducting ethnic profiling of passengers. I don't.

Arming pilots contradicts perhaps the most important pillar of liberal belief of the last several decades—guns are inherently bad. To arm the pilots would provide government validation for the proposition that not only are firearms not bad, but in appropriate circumstances



they can be a positive good. If that notion is allowed to spread, victims of domestic crime might deduce that owning a firearm might be a good solution to their problem.

Likewise, profiling. Shlomo Dror, an Israeli airline security expert, recently expressed the professional opinion that the United States does not have an airline security system, it has a system for annoying people. He went on to point out the fundamental flaw in our system is that its purpose is to find weapons, not hijackers. This is manifestly true, and is the reason why twenty-something guards gleefully confiscate nailclippers from grandmothers while failing to stop Richard Reid the shoebomber. Reid had a novel weapon, and so escaped the notice of the authorities. Had they been looking for the usual suspects, they would have pounced on him, just as the passengers did.

But of course, instituting ethnic profiling would provide government validation of the proposition that our enemies are not random, but come from recognizable demographic groups. And again, once the logic is accepted in the hunt for terrorists, the logic can easily be extended to the fight against domestic crime.

Given the events of September 11, a huge majority of people believe that arming pilots and profiling passengers represent that most uncommon property, common sense. Those who believe otherwise are willing to go to their deaths (as well as yours and mine) to uphold their faith in liberal dogma.

James H. Fink
Lincoln, MA

Cato Maligned

The Weekly Standard served up quite a cocktail of ignorance and libel in its unsigned Scrapbook item of May 27 ("Cato Entangled"). Since The Weekly Standard labeled the introductory message to the Cato Institute annual report that I wrote with my colleague William Niskanen a "little lecturette," please allow me to offer The Weekly Standard a lesson in logic, facts, and civility.

First, logic. To say that an attack was predictable is not to say that it was justifiable or that "America-sorta-had-it-coming." Saying that you run a risk if you walk down dark alleys alone is not the same as saying that you "sorta-had-it-coming" when you are mugged or raped. As logical distinctions go, that one isn't rocket science. Cato's scholars have repeatedly warned of the possibility of terrorist attacks on the U.S. as a result of foolish foreign policies. In 1998 Cato published a study by Ivan Eland, director of defense policy studies, titled "Does U.S. Intervention Overseas Breed Terrorism? The Historical Record." Citing Defense Department reports, Eland argued that "the United States could reduce the chances of such devastating—and potentially catastrophic—

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terrorist attacks by adopting a policy of military restraint overseas." It says something about THE WEEKLY STANDARD's standards that they chose to read that as justifying attacks, rather than predicting them.

Second, facts. The writer asserted that the United States has "but a single 'entangling alliance' in the Middle Eastern 'portion of the foreign world,'" and that that alliance is with Israel. The fact is that the U.S. has troops stationed in Saudi Arabia and provides military assistance to a number of regimes in the region. Indeed, the apparent catalyst for the murderous attacks of September 11 was the stationing of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia is not Israel. (Indeed, it was striking that THE WEEKLY STANDARD's malicious attack on the Cato Institute was positioned right under THE WEEKLY STANDARD's attack on Saudi Arabia for the perfidy of its leaders. How can THE WEEKLY STANDARD refer to the Saudis' "involvement in the events of September 11" and support the continued stationing of troops there?)

Finally, having gotten the logic straight and the facts right, it's time to move on to civility. Questioning our motivations and grossly distorting our views is unethical. Reading our statement that "the dangers of accepting the role of the world's policeman are clearly evident" as meaning that "America-sorta-had-it-coming" is simply outside the bounds of civilized discourse. Neither America nor the thousands of individual victims of al Qaeda "had it coming." Neither our statement nor the photo of the burning World Trade Center next to George Washington's statement that "It is our true policy to steer clear of entangling alliances with any portion of the foreign world" could be construed by civilized people as claims that the victims deserved to be killed.

Readers of THE WEEKLY STANDARD might want to read the two sentences that the writer neatly chopped up and distorted: "Cato's principled noninterventionist approach to foreign affairs, consistent with the Founders' admonitions about entangling alliances, has weathered the test of time. The dangers of accepting the role of the world's policeman are clearly evident, even as our government undertakes the necessary task of eliminating the al Qaeda terrorist threat to our liberty and security." If anyone wants to interpret that as a call to terrorists to attack America, that says more about them than it does about us.

It's time for an open discussion of the wisdom of trying to be the world's policeman. One even hears talk of the need for "empire" in certain conservative circles. Such adventures have been foolhardy historically. In an age of relatively easy access to weapons of mass destruction, they are suicidal. With the directors of the FBI and the CIA predicting further attacks on U.S. soil and the almost certain use of weapons of mass destruction in our homeland, isn't it time to ask whether we should continue to risk the lives of millions of Americans to pursue foolish foreign policies? How many millions of Americans are the editors of THE WEEKLY STANDARD willing to sacrifice to maintain a U.S. military presence in Saudi Arabia? They should ask themselves that question before they impugn the patriotism or the motives of others.

EDWARD H. CRANE
President
Cato Institute
Washington, DC

THE WRONG RENE

IT WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTING to see that David Tell's informative editorial "The Saudi Terror Subsidy" (May 20) misspelled twice the name of the school near which the August 21, 1995, bus suicide bombing occurred in Jerusalem. The article identifies the school as the Rene Kassem High School when the real name of the school is the Rene Cassin High School. The school was named after the famous French-Jewish jurist and Nobel Prize winner Rene Cassin, who authored the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to preserve his memory and honor his achievements. The misspelling had the unintended effect of defeating both of those purposes.

SAMUEL CASSIN
Arlington, VA

FRY DAYS

I HAVE BEEN READING THE WEEKLY STANDARD for a long time—wonderful articles and essays about earth-shaking events. Yet never before have I been moved to comment until I read David Brooks's Casual "The Fryers Club" (May 27).

Brooks tells about Ray Kroc, the founder of McDonald's, attributing the success of his chain to the excellence of its french fries. Both Kroc and Brooks are wrong. Kroc was right that the french fry is important—it's just that he never learned to make them right. When I was a teenager in the '50s we would go to the local drive-in eatery and order just french fries—we didn't need or want a burger. (I suppose part of the attraction was the high school girls in skimpy outfits who brought the orders to the car. Eating french fries, one at a time, gave us an excuse to stay longer than would gulping down a burger.) But those were real, freshly peeled, freshly cut, and freshly deep-fried french fries, never frozen, and they were delicious. I doubt if any citizen under 50 has ever tasted one, and clearly Brooks has not. I think if McDonald's, or any other fast food chain, were to start serving those they would put the other chains out of business. Of course good fries require labor, time, planning—things not common in business today. Those dry, tasteless, mushy things sold as french fries all across America are nothing more than utensils to use only to convey to the mouth huge gobs of ketchup, the only thing with any flavor.

If David Brooks can write such nice words about such terrible things, what other misinformation has THE WEEKLY STANDARD brought us?

C.A. CROFTS
Lander, WY

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the weekly Standard

Still Time for an Investigation

Now would President Bush *please* appoint an independent blue-ribbon commission to investigate the government's failure to anticipate or adequately prepare for the terrorist attacks on September 11? When we offered this suggestion two weeks ago, the Bush administration, led by Vice President Dick Cheney, was in high dudgeon. Any notion that the administration could have acted in any way that might have prevented or mitigated the attacks, Cheney suggested, was ludicrous and "irresponsible . . . in a time of war."

But now the Bush administration has openly acknowledged that, indeed yes, the September 11 attacks might conceivably have been prevented had the administration responded more effectively to information it had in its possession. This past week FBI director Robert S. Mueller III said: "I cannot say for sure that there wasn't a possibility we could have come across some lead that would have led us to the hijackers. . . ." Although there was no specific warning, Mueller admitted, "that doesn't mean that there weren't red flags out there, that there weren't dots that should have been connected to the extent possible."

Put it this way: Had the FBI examined Zacarias Moussaoui's laptop computer, as the FBI office in Minneapolis requested, it would have found the telephone number of the roommate of the September 11 attack's ringleader, Mohamed Atta. Had the FBI put this information together with a warning from an agent in Phoenix, Arizona, that members of al Qaeda were enrolled in American flight-training schools, it might have begun to piece a difficult puzzle together, inasmuch as Atta himself had enrolled in an American flight-training school. Would this knowledge have necessarily prevented the attack from being carried out? No, not necessarily, but possibly—as Mueller now admits.

What other lapses might there have been before September 11? The simple answer is: No one knows. Robert Mueller doesn't know. Dick Cheney doesn't know. President Bush doesn't know. And, last but not least, the American people don't know.

We might not know about the FBI's lapses had it not been for a few leaks and Coleen Rowley's open letter to Mueller. A few weeks ago, after all, Mueller's position, like Cheney's, was that nothing the administration could have done before September 11 would have made a difference. At a September 14 press conference, Mueller insisted, "The fact that there were a number of individuals that happened to have received training at flight schools here is news, quite obviously. If we had understood that to be the case, we would have—perhaps one could have averted this." On September 17, asked if there were any "warning signs" at all, Mueller said no. Now we know those statements were inaccurate, mostly because Rowley did something unusual—she called her superiors to account.

Do we have to wait for more whistle-blowers to get more parts of the story? A whistle-blower to tell us what might have gone wrong at the CIA? A whistle-blower to tell us what may or may not have happened at the White House? It's not in the nation's interest, and it's not in President Bush's interest, for the truth to come out this way.

That is why we need an independent commission. The Bush administration cannot investigate itself, review itself, and then change the way it does business without some outside prodding. No administration can. Would Mueller's recent shakeup of the FBI have occurred with such dispatch in the absence of leaks and the Rowley letter? We don't know. And even if the FBI is now repairing itself, what about other agencies? Already, FBI officials are suggesting, on background, that the CIA has been working hard to shift all the blame onto the FBI so as to avoid scrutiny of its own errors.

And what about the CIA? As our colleague Reuel Marc Gerecht, a former CIA officer, points out in the *New York Times*, the war on terrorism must ultimately be fought and won overseas. But September 11 revealed, as did the attacks on the U.S. embassies in Africa and the bombing of the destroyer *Cole*, that the agency has been unable to penetrate Osama bin Laden's network. Should the CIA have reoriented itself to deal better with the rising threat of al Qaeda before September 11? Is it reorienting itself to do the job better now? CIA director George Tenet assures us

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that he's got things in hand, and we're in no position to say whether he does or not. But that's what Robert Mueller was saying, too, a few weeks ago. It turns out he was wrong.

If the president and his advisers would stop circling the wagons for a moment, they would realize that an independent commission is in their interest. Congressional investigations are unlikely to be the solution: Given the level of partisanship on both sides, no one can have any confidence in a report produced by Congress. Vice President Cheney claims to be worried that an independent commission would leak classified information. Our guess is that a blue-ribbon commission would be a good deal more careful with sensitive information than members of Congress generally are. An independent commission is also more likely to come up with constructive criticism and useful recommendations for change, rather than simply engage in finger-pointing. Done right, such a commission could give the public something it now lacks: confidence that *somebody* is taking an honest look at what went wrong, and confidence that the administration will be put under pressure to change the ways its agencies operate. How could that be bad?

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

The Law Is a Ass

Hearings on the government's pre-September 11 counterterrorism efforts begin this week on Capitol Hill. These earliest sessions of the House and Senate intelligence committees will be conducted behind closed doors. But it is a fair bet which official lapses will principally occupy the panelists' attention, details of these missed opportunities having been front-page news for nearly a month. It is a fair bet, too, what federal agency will be subjected to the sharpest scrutiny, FBI Director Robert Mueller III himself having now very publicly lamented how the Bureau's Washington headquarters handled clues in its possession last summer. And it is a fair bet, finally, what basic conclusion everyone will eventually draw from this whole, inevitable exercise in congressional blame-apportionment. That conclusion has been all but formally drawn in advance.

Mueller, who believes FBI investigators must have broader procedural latitude if they are to acquire the information necessary to thwart future terrorist attacks, says last summer's acts of omission point "squarely at our analytical capacity," which is "not where it should be." The ACLU, which believes FBI investigators do *not* need additional authority, says the Bureau has "failed to analyze and act on relevant information" it already has. There is a wide spectrum of opinion about the nature of reforms to be adopted, in other words. But a remarkable consensus has emerged, at least, about the problem to be addressed. The FBI, everyone says, doesn't put two and two together very well.

This is no doubt true so far as it goes. Indeed, the complaint can and should fairly be extended beyond the Bureau to any number of other federal agencies—to the CIA, for example, whose counterterrorism programs have failed no less spectacularly. Undeniably, there is a great deal of fresh intelligence work to be done throughout our government.

But there is more. There are issues raised by last fall's events of vastly greater urgency than "analytical capacity"—or any other structural weakness so far acknowledged by either the executive branch or its most prominent critics. Indeed, the paramount question raised for the future by what we have learned of the FBI's "missteps" has gone almost completely unmentioned in the current "what went wrong" conversation. We are speaking here of American law and the social assumptions that underlie it.

Consider that list of September 11 "leads" the government is now said to have bungled. Two FBI field agents, one four years ago and the other last July, sent word up the chain that an unusual number of Middle Eastern men seemed to be taking lessons at U.S. flight schools; both agents had a hunch that the phenomenon might indicate planning for acts of terrorism. Last August 6, a CIA briefing warned President Bush of possible al Qaeda aircraft hijackings—based on a single British intelligence report from 1999. In mid-August, officials at a Minnesota flight school called the FBI's Minneapolis office to say that one of their students, Zacarias Moussaoui, was making them nervous. Local FBI agents found Moussaoui suspicious, too, and had him arrested on immigration charges—but were refused permission to search his laptop computer by their superiors in Washington. Also, at some point, the CIA apparently became aware that a so far unidentified foreign country was attempting to purchase flight simulators in violation of U.S. trade restrictions.

In retrospect it all appears obviously related. And, yes, a better FBI might have figured it out at the time. And, yes, from now on we must have that better FBI.

But ask yourself: Confronted with such actual clues as

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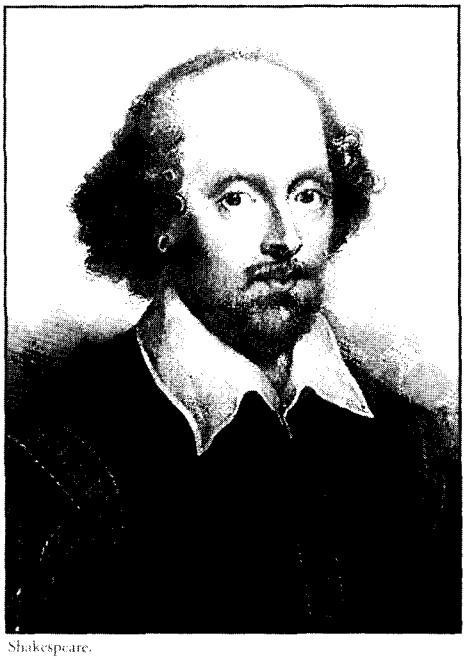

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were available last summer, what precisely should even a better FBI have been expected to *do* about them? Superficially, the answer has seemed easiest in the case of Zacarias Moussaoui, since indicted for conspiracy in connection with the September 11 murders. Here we have a reactionary Islamicist violently opposed to the United States and all its works, a man whose behavior had closely mirrored that of Mohamed Atta and the other hijackers. Here we also have the always captivating story of a government whistle-blower, Special Agent Coleen Rowley, legal adviser to the Bureau's Minneapolis field office. Rowley's anguished May 21 letter to Mueller recounts how last August she and her colleagues developed "reasonable suspicions" that Moussaoui was a terrorist threat and soon received confirmation from French authorities that their suspect had previously traveled to South Asia—and was associated with people who were themselves associated with Osama bin Laden. Rowley thinks the early search that FBI headquarters blocked might have led investigators to Atta and the others before it was too late. And judging from his most recent public comments, Mueller himself now agrees that such a search should have been pursued.

This narrative is much too neat, though, for it takes no account of what the *law* actually says. And the law says that warrants for terrorism-related secret searches may issue only when the government can demonstrate "probable cause" to believe that its target "knowingly engages" or assists in terrorist activities—as a member or witting agent of a specifically identified terrorist organization. In close cases, there is room for subjective judgment about what practical requirements this "probable cause" standard entails. But in mid-August 2001, as it happens, Zacarias Moussaoui was not actually all that close a case.

We cannot but sympathize with Special Agent Rowley, and we share her regret—to put it mildly—that things didn't work out differently. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with her, as everyone else seems to, that it was self-evidently outrageous for FBI headquarters to conclude that her August search warrant request lacked "probable cause." Let's face it: In strictest legal terms, they never had much on Moussaoui. They had a vaguely disconcerting Muslim gentleman with an interest in airplanes who had overstayed his visa and who had once known people who knew other people thought to be involved in terrorism. And if the FBI, through Moussaoui, had somehow managed to identify, track down, and detain his alleged co-conspirators, then they would have had twenty such vaguely disconcerting Muslim gentlemen—and nothing more. Thousands of lives would thus have been saved, of course; it's just about the only conceivable way they could have been saved. But barring an extremely improbable confession from one of the conspirators, we would never even have learned that those thousands of lives were at risk in the first place.

In which case the *New York Times* and the ACLU and Amnesty International and all the rest of them would be bitterly complaining that John Ashcroft's Justice Department had, by its detentions of Atta and the others, effected an "erosion of civil liberties" in defiance of standing law and American tradition. We are not being speculative here. Since September 11, the FBI and the Immigration and Naturalization Service have detained more than a thousand Arab and Muslim aliens in this country—almost all of them for technical visa irregularities and on the basis of generalized suspicions no more or less substantial than those Coleen Rowley and her office-mates harbored against Zacarias Moussaoui. For doing this, Ashcroft and his department have been repeatedly condemned. Just this past Friday, the *Times* denounced Ashcroft—and raised another alarum about the "erosion of civil liberties"—simply because the attorney general had issued new procedural guidelines that will allow the FBI greater latitude to collect and monitor *public* information and *public* events in situations where there exists a "reasonable indication" of future terrorist activity.

Ashcroft's new guidelines, it bears pointing out, had they been in effect last August, would *not* have granted Coleen Rowley's wish. Quite the contrary, in preliminary investigations like the one her Minneapolis office was then conducting against Moussaoui, Justice's amended rules now "categorically prohibit . . . mail opening and electronic surveillance." In other words: "Probable cause," the legal doctrine that made the FBI balk last summer, still applies.

So the Justice Department is now being excoriated for not doing before September 11 exactly the same thing it has been excoriated for going ahead and doing—in watered-down form, at that—since September 11. And no one seems willing to acknowledge the inconsistency, much less acknowledge the possibility that even stiffer measures than what the FBI now proposes might be required.

There is an explanation for this. Americans are a freedom-loving people who have built elaborate rights-protections into our criminal law: requirements for individualized, substantiated suspicion and probable cause before detention, for instance. Americans are also a genial people who have in recent decades extended these protections, most of them, even to foreigners visiting from countries where civil liberties are nonexistent. "Everything changed" on September 11, we tell ourselves. But we have been reluctant to admit that it was true—that our laws and the basic national attitudes on which they rest must change, as well.

In particular, we have been reluctant to admit that our FBI and other national security agencies, in the near term at least, must remain on hair-trigger alert—and must be prepared and willing to detain, even by mistake—Arab and Muslim gentlemen from overseas whose behavior and ideas make us nervous. This is harsh reality, no doubt. But it is common sense, too. And failing to embrace it would involve a risk, hardly remote, that no one can responsibly contemplate. One September 11 is enough.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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"Humanity" as an Interest Group

Bono, postmodern lobbyist.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

AFP PHOTO

O'Neill and Bono

THE TEN-DAY, four-country tour of Africa that Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill and U2 lead singer Bono Vox completed last week was taken for a publicity stunt, even if the controversy it was meant to address is an important one. Bono's theory is that the billions of dollars in aid that sub-Saharan Africa gets from Western countries is not nearly enough. O'Neill thinks it's plenty, but that it's being squandered by crooked governments on ill-conceived projects. But as the pair—annoyingly and inevitably dubbed "the odd couple"—toured AIDS clinics, industry start-ups, and government facilities in Ghana, South Africa, Uganda, and Ethiopia, there was the tendency to treat their joint appearances as little more significant than an episode of *Crossfire*, or as one of those campus road shows on the legacy of the sixties that G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary used to stage. You say tomaytah, I say tomahtah.

That was a mistake. Bono's trip marks a qualitative change in the political power of celebrities that will alter the way non-celebrities are governed. As a member of Bono's entourage said: "This is not radical chic. This is about political power, real political power."

Until recently, celebrities' role in politics has been, one way or another, to trade their glamour for politicians' prestige. Elizabeth Taylor thus stumped for politicians who backed AIDS funding. Susan Sarandon campaigned for President Clinton. Even this limited use of celebrities to make politics more "interesting" was a troubling indication. It showed how little passion voters brought to a bureaucratized and boring system in which, as P.J. O'Rourke memorably put it, the cardinal rule of civics is "the last one awake gets to spend all the money."

Alongside this "endorsement" model there arose a "charitable cause" model—entertainers' lending their talents to raise money for worthy programs devised by others. George Harrison pioneered this kind of activism in his 1971 Concert for Bangladesh. It was carried on in the 1980s by the Boomtown Rats' Bob Geldof (on behalf of Ethiopian famine victims) and Willie Nelson (on behalf of American small farmers).

Bono understands the role that celebrities can play in just promoting politicians and causes. "Politics at a certain level is pop," he says. "You have to get your record on the radio for people to pay attention." But he has ceased to be content with merely lending a bit of glamour to the people who make the real decisions. As one professor at the University of Northumbria told the *Christian Science Monitor*, "He's made the shift that non-governmental organizations like Oxfam and Save the Children have made, to say, 'Hey, we aren't going to be able to deal with this just by giving time and money. We've got to attack this as a political issue.'" Bono, as surely as any lobbyist, is interested in driving the decision-making himself.

And a lobbyist is precisely what he is, in a postmodern sort of way. For the past several months, he has in fact been lobbying Congress for $435 million in debt relief for Africa. He was instrumental in getting President Clinton to call for the cancellation of $5.6 billion in debts to the United States.

It's worth noting here that Bono is an Irish citizen, and yet he is not registered as a foreign agent. It's apparently not required, because Bono is speaking not for Ireland, nor even for Africa, but for humanity.

What does it mean to lobby on behalf of the interest group "humanity"? Does Bono represent the poor? Or those who wish to take the political system apart to help the poor? And what of the people who support his "caring"? Do they themselves care about the world's poor? Or are they merely fans who by their purchasing power authorize Bono to act as their proxy on matters where emotions and politics meet, based on his proven ability to elicit those emotions? If so, what is the difference between a fan and a constituent? This confusion is Bono's political strength.

For almost a decade now, celebrities' concern for "humanity" has

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proved as capable of rousing a political constituency as the NRA's concern for guns or NOW's for abortions. Richard Gere, by taking up the cause of Tibet, has influenced America's military policy towards China, its most heavily armed military rival. Princess Diana before her death managed to act as the focal point of a worldwide campaign to ban landmines, despite a feeble intellect and a self-evident preference for the parts of the job that involved attending charitable fashion shows. British prime minister Tony Blair was politically astute when he eulogized Diana as "the people's princess." He saw that Diana had gathered about her, on purely emotional grounds, a vast and volatile constituency. Politicians are careful not to fall afoul of people their voters admire; we can expect them to be even more deferential towards people their voters swoon over.

The interaction between Bono and his own leftish constituency was visible on the Africa trip. In Ghana, O'Neill took him to visit a data-entry plant operated by the Kentucky-based Affiliated Computer Services. ACS pays 900 Ghanaians a dollar an hour, in a region where more than half the inhabitants subsist on less than a dollar a *day*. And Bono was, for the first time on the trip, tongue-tied. A buck an hour just didn't sound like much. "As long as these employees and the government are exploiting the corporate world in a symbiotic relationship," he finally ventured, "that's fine. I haven't made up my mind on some of these issues."

Really? You haven't made up your mind on whether it's better to make a dollar an hour or a dollar a day? Clearly, Bono is still in thrall to such political activists as Salih Booker of the Washington-based Africa Action, who warned that the rock star "risks inadvertently legitimizing approaches such as globalization." Bono's confusion resulted not from an examination of his political conscience but from an examination of his political base.

Around the time he first met Bono, Paul O'Neill worried in front of his staff, "He just wants to use me." It was a legitimate worry. Throughout the trip, as frequently happens when one is dealing with darlings of the public, O'Neill kept winning arguments and losing soundbites. Visiting a Ugandan water-purification facility that had been paid for with $2,000 freed up by debt forgiveness, Bono cited the project as evidence that African countries could use aid money responsibly, and deserved more. O'Neill countered that, at $2,000 per well, the whole country could be similarly equipped for only $25 million. "Last year the World Bank lent $300 million to Uganda," he remarked. "What was so important that there wasn't $25 to $30 million to give everyone in Uganda clean water?" It might cross the disinterested observer's mind here that $25 million is a sum that either O'Neill or Bono could pay out of his own pocket. But O'Neill lost the exchange. "If he sold only his tie collection," Britain's leftist *Guardian* remarked, "it would pay for fresh water in several Ghanaian slums."

Still, who was using whom is far from clear. It was O'Neill's staff, after all, that suggested the joint trip, just two weeks after the men met in O'Neill's office last year. Some detractors have noted that the itinerary, largely of Bono's design, studiously avoids corrupt countries—like Liberia and the Democratic Republic of the Congo—that were huge recipients of U.S. aid during the Cold War.

Nor was it clear in the slightest which of the two represented the values of the vibrant New Economy and which the dead hand of the Old. At every stop, O'Neill expressed his wish to "unleash the private sector." One of his favorite venues was an Ethiopian corporate vocational school, where the students, he said, "are being prepared for skills that could be used anywhere in the world." (And probably *will* be, a Buchananite might add.)

Yet O'Neill risks being hoist with his own petard here—the whole capitalist right along with him. His gig with Bono was a trade mission for the Internet era. Forty years ago, an American cabinet member would have come accompanied by a Fortune 500 executive, who would have promised money for African factories. It is Bono, not O'Neill, who is that plutocrat's Information-Age avatar, a mighty representative of what one British journalist calls the "entertainment-industrial complex." It is Bono who is the self-made product of the private sector. And it is Bono's emotive celebrity politics that provides the concrete expression of the electronic town hall idea that so excited futurists when Ross Perot and Newt Gingrich put it on the national agenda. It is the "capitalist" O'Neill, meanwhile—who began his career as a federal bureaucrat and entered the private sector only in his forties—who stands for the federal government's revolving door.

Many of the African leaders the two met on their journey sensed as much. They sounded more thrilled to host Bono than to importune O'Neill. Interviewed in *Africa News* at the start of the trip, Ghanaian president John Agyekum Kufuor said, "We want to live in a world of peoples. We believe in humanity. We do not see national boundaries, continents and races and so on. So Bono is very welcome here and, to me, he is very sincere." It ought to give us pause to hear an African leader begging for aid in the imagine-a-world-without-limits jargon that is a staple of Silicon Valley prospectuses. To say borders are eroding is to say that the constitutional arrangements from which those borders arose are losing their definition. What will replace them?

The left has often warned that our new rulers will be multinational corporations; the right has hoped that individuals would take more power into their own hands. If both sides are somewhat right (and they are), then in the new order of things, mass media "personalities" of Bono's sort are going to wield political power of an important kind. Will they wield enough of it to transform our politics altogether? That the most powerful economic policymaker in the world invited a rock star on his tour of Africa is evidence that even the Bush administration is hedging its bets. ♦

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Baltimore, MD— As unbelievable as it seems the key to stopping many cancers has been around for over 30 years. Yet it has been banned. Blocked. And kept out of your medicine cabinet by the very agency designed to protect your health—the FDA.

In 1966, the senior oncologist at a prominent New York hospital rocked the medical world when he developed a serum that **"shrank cancer tumors in 45 minutes!"** 90 minutes later they were gone... Headlines hit every major paper around the world. Scientists and researchers applauded. Time and again this life saving treatment worked miracles, but the FDA ignored the research and hope he brought and shut him down.

You read that right. He was not only shut down—but also forced out of the country where others benefited from his discovery. That was 35 years ago. How many other treatments have they been allowed to hide? Just as in the case of Dr. Burton's miracle serum these too go unmentioned.

Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough...

Decades ago, European research scientist Dr. Johanna Budwig, a six-time Nobel Award nominee, discovered a totally natural formula that not only protects against the development of cancer, but people all over the world who have been diagnosed with incurable cancer and sent home to die have actually benefited from her research—and now lead normal lives.

After 30 years of study, Dr. Budwig discovered that the blood of seriously ill cancer patients was deficient in certain substances and nutrients. Yet, healthy blood always contained these ingredients. It was the lack of these nutrients that allowed cancer cells to grow wild and out of control.

By simply eating a combination of two natural and delicious foods (found on page 134) not only can cancer be prevented—but in case after case it was actually healed! "Symptoms of cancer, liver dysfunction, and diabetes were completely alleviated." Remarkably, what Dr. Budwig discovered was a totally natural way for eradicating cancer.

However, when she went to publish these results so that everyone could benefit—**she was blocked by manufacturers with heavy financial stakes!** For over 10 years now her methods have proved effective—yet she is denied publication—blocked by the giants who don't want you to read her words.

What's more, the world is full of expert minds like Dr. Budwig who have pursued cancer remedies and come up with remarkable natural formulas and diets that work for hundreds and thousands of patients. *How to Fight Cancer and Win* author William Fischer has studied these methods and revealed their secrets for you—so that you or someone you love may be spared the horrors of conventional cancer treatments.

As early as 1947, Virginia Livingston, M.D., isolated a cancer-causing microbe. She noted that every cancer sample analyzed (whether human or other animal) contained it.

This microbe—a bacteria that is actually in each of us from birth to death—multiplies and promotes cancer when the immune system is weakened by disease, stress, or poor nutrition. Worst of all, the microbes secrete a special hormone protector that short-circuits our body's immune system—allowing the microbes to grow undetected for years. No wonder so many patients are riddled with cancer by the time it is detected. But there is hope even for them...

Six-time Nobel Nominee's Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough Revealed

Turn to page 82 of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* for the delicious diet that can help stop the formation of cancer cells and shrink tumors.

They walked away from traditional cancer treatments...and were healed! Throughout the pages of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* you'll meet real people who were diagnosed with cancer—suffered through harsh conventional treatments—turned their backs on so called modern medicine—only to be miraculously healed by natural means! Here is just a sampling of what others have to say about the book.

"We purchased *How to Fight Cancer and Win*, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought *How to Fight Cancer and Win* and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

"I can't find adequate words to describe my appreciation of your work in providing *How to Fight Cancer and Win*. You had to do an enormous amount of research to bring this vast and most important knowledge to your readers.

My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

"In my 55 years as a Country Family Physician, I have never read a more 'down to earth,' practical resume of cancer prevention and treatments, than in this book. It needs to be studied worldwide for the prevention of cancer by all researchers who are looking for a cure."

—Edward S.,MD

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across *How to fight Cancer and Win*. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budgwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

Don't waste another minute. Claim your book today and you will be one of the lucky few who no longer have to wait for cures that get pushed "underground" by big business and money hungry giants.

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Harvard Loves Jihad

"Socratic pedagogy" and terror.

BY SETH GITELL

Cambridge, Mass.

THE JUNIOR COMMON ROOM at Winthrop House looks like something straight out of a Harvard admissions brochure. It's a dark room with crimson curtains, crimson carpeting, and old chairs upholstered in aging crimson leather. A portrait of Ronald M. Ferry, the first master of Winthrop House, and his dog hangs above a piano. It's here that Harvard senior Ari Waldman experienced something he didn't bargain on when he entered the college almost four years ago.

Waldman, who grew up in East Brunswick, New Jersey, arrived at the Junior Common Room smartly dressed—jacket, tie, and yarmulke — to relax and mingle with his fellow graduates for the senior cocktail party several weeks ago. It was the night of the senior dinner. "It was a festive night, and the wine was flowing," Waldman recalls, noting that a few hours earlier he had learned of a petition being circulated among the faculty at Harvard and M.I.T., calling for the universities to divest themselves of funds invested in companies that do business in Israel—IBM and McDonald's, for example. As the call for divestment is modeled on the crusade against South African apartheid, the politics of the petition could not have been more obvious—the international left's Zionism-is-racism smear campaign had come to Cambridge. Among the signatories of the petition: Paul D. Hanson, the Winthrop House master.

Under the house system—fashioned after the English model and established in the 1930s under President A. Lawrence Lowell—house masters act as a combination dormitory head, college president, and parental figure. Hanson, a 62-year-old divinity school professor who specializes in both the Hebrew Bible and Near Eastern Languages, warmly greeted the students, comparing his joy in witnessing their achievements to the pleasure he took in watching his own children grow up. He had another message for Waldman, however, asking the student if he had seen the news about his signing the divestment petition in that day's *Crimson*, the Harvard student daily. "I said I didn't think it was a night for politics," remembers Waldman.

But at Harvard in recent weeks, the actions of the faculty have helped to ensure that the senior year of Waldman and other soon-to-be Harvard graduates is all about politics. Several dozen high-profile Harvard academics put their names to the divestment petition, which amounts to a whitewash of Palestinian terrorism at the expense of Israel. Then, as if to prove that this was no isolated outbreak of Parisian amorality, a faculty committee selected as one of the three student speakers at the June 6 commencement senior Zayed Yasin, former president of the Harvard Islamic Society. The working title of his address: "American Jihad." Yasin's protests that he intended to distinguish his use of the word *jihad* from the terrorist use of the Islamic term for "struggle" might have met a friendlier hearing were it not for his history of defending the bona fides of a charity called the Holy Land Foundation, "whose money," President Bush declared in December, "is used to support the Hamas terror organization."

All this is a far cry from how Harvard reacted the last time America fell victim to a surprise attack. During World War II, the university was fully supportive of the war effort, creating, for example, the V-12 program to train Naval officers for war. And the house system? In his *Robert Kennedy: A Life*, Evan Thomas describes how Kennedy attended classes in his Navy uniform and considered Eliot House his "ship."

Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, a vocal foe of the divestment petition, is less interested in the usual gang of left-leaning ideologues who signed it and more concerned about those members of the Harvard community with direct contact with students' daily lives—namely, the house masters. "Can you imagine a house master signing a petition against affirmative action?" asks Dershowitz. "He'd be fired instantaneously for creating tension in the house."

Another Harvard house master, William Graham, first signed the divestment petition and later recanted. Graham says he did not feel pressure because of his role as a house master. Rather, he takes issue with the petition organizers' decision to put his name up on their website (*harvard-mitdivest.org/petition.html*). "They put up a website, which I didn't know when I signed the petition, and there was one link that had nothing to do with Israel and Palestine and which I found offensive," says Graham. "Since they had a website and were putting things up beyond my control that I had nothing to do with, that led to the decision that I did not want to be a part of that."

Hanson has no such regrets. Bothered by his encounter with Hanson at the Senior Dinner at Winthrop House, Waldman decided a house discussion of Hanson's decision to sign the divestment petition was in order. That way the house master could soothe the hard feelings created when he signed so one-sided a statement. Hanson agreed to do just that. Prior to the discussion, however, he notified an Arab student of the upcoming event and invited others to attend. Waldman contends this violated the spirit of the agreed-upon dialogue, which was supposed to be for the "Winthrop community." Waldman

Seth Gitell is the political writer of the Boston Phoenix.

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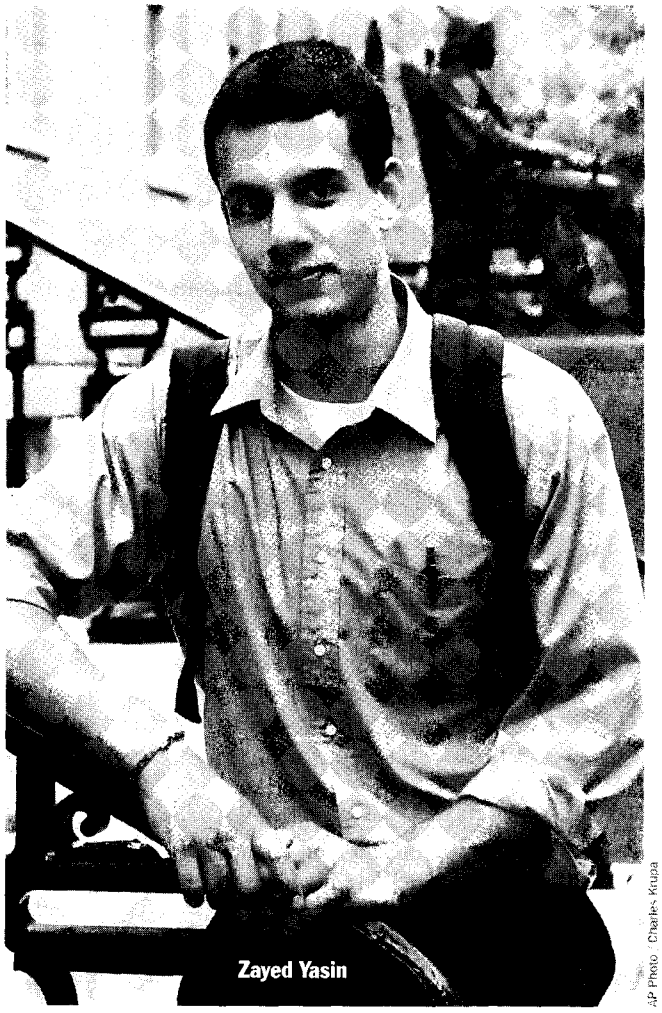
arrived to find the discussion "packed with at least 10 of Paul's divestment supporters." During the discussion the house master repeatedly diverted the conversation away from terrorism and divestment and onto Israel. "Ari, how do you justify settlements?" the professor asked.

For his part, Hanson readily acknowledges that the discomfort of some of the Jewish students in the house "pains me greatly." But, he adds, "it cannot curtail my sense of duty to utilize free speech as part of the democratic process." Hanson likens his signing the divestment petition to his protests during "the Vietnamese period." He says "it simply is predicated on one fact that I have been very, very concerned about violence on both sides of the conflict in Palestine and Israel." Asked about the fact that the petition makes little mention of the Palestinian targeting of civilians (calling it "unacceptable and abhorrent" with no indication of what Israel should do to protect its citizens), Hanson says, "The problem with a petition is you're signing on to somebody else's words. It doesn't strike precisely the balance that I would have in a personal statement. That's the kind of thing that would be in a complete statement if I would have composed it."

So why sign it? Because, says Hanson, it fosters a "Socratic pedagogy" between himself and residents of the house. Waldman, unmoved by Hanson's call for a Socratic dialogue, has asked that another Winthrop House official, not the house master as is Harvard practice, hand him his diploma on June 6.

Perhaps there is something that connects the ancient (never mind modern) Athens of Socrates with being anti-Israel: Several of the most visible signers of the divestment petition are members of Harvard's prestigious classics department—including its charismatic star and Homer expert Gregory Nagy and its chairman and Rome specialist Richard Thomas. Nagy was in Paris and not available for an interview. He did send me a lengthy e-mail statement about his decision to sign the petition.



Zayed Yasin

AP Photo / Charles Krupa

"My stand on this particular issue has to do with my country's generally unconditional support of the state perpetrating the moral injustice to which I am objecting," wrote Nagy, arguing that Israel has a right to defend itself against other states, but not against stateless Palestinians. "I consider it wrong for any state to undertake and maintain an illegal occupation of a territory containing millions of people who are left without recourse to human rights."

Why focus moral outrage on Israel and not, say, Saudi Arabia, from which 15 of 19 of the September 11 hijackers came and which continues to promote a hateful extremist religious ideology that preaches violence against Jews? "Concerns about other states are not pertinent to the concern I am addressing," Nagy responded. "For example, one cannot address the crimes of 9/11 by placing sanctions on Saudi Arabia, because it was not the Saudi government that perpetrated those crimes."

Richard Thomas, Nagy's colleague in the classics department, can be considered something of a two-fer. He not only signed the divestment petition, he also sat on the six-member faculty committee that selected Yasin as the graduation speaker. Thomas bitterly opposes any attempt to link these two developments. He plays coy, saying that he may not even have voted for Yasin's speech, which he nonetheless terms "wonderful."

Thomas says the speech—whose title was changed late last week from "American Jihad" to "Of Faith and Citizenship"—has nothing to do with terrorism, adding that it includes a discussion of the "misunderstanding and corruption of the word" *jihad*. Asked whether one might see a disturbing connection between an anti-Israel petition and the selection of a graduation speech on "jihad" for a year in which America was the victim of a major terrorist attack in the name of "jihad," Thomas replies, "I don't see a connection."

A prominent teaching post at the nation's finest university evidently does not grant one the power to see what is in plain sight. ♦

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The Bush Team Punts on Title IX

And meanwhile men's college teams disappear.

BY MELANA ZYLA VICKERS

THE WEATHER may be perfect for a round of golf or a nice long-distance run, but don't tell that to college athletes. In the last two months, no fewer than 14 college sports teams have given up the ghost, sacrificed in large part to campus bureaucrats' struggle to satisfy the federal requirement that the male/female breakdown of athletes be the same as the breakdown of men and women campus-wide. Howard University in Washington, D.C., dropped men's wrestling and baseball. The University of Minnesota dropped golf and men's gymnastics. The University of Wisconsin, River Falls, dropped wrestling, men's baseball, and women's gymnastics.

This carnage brings to about 100 the number of U.S. college teams cut since the mid-1990s. But it comes at a propitious time for a lawsuit filed by the National Wrestling Coaches Association. Fed up with what it sees as twisted enforcement of Title IX, the 1972 statute barring gender discrimination in government-funded education, the association, joined by the U.S. College Gymnastics Association, the U.S. Track Coaches Association, and the College Swim Coaches Association of America, has sued the Department of Education, claiming it has given colleges unlawful and harmful advice about interpreting the statute.

The federal government responded to the lawsuit on May 29. It rejected the charge that its interpretation of Title IX is unlawful and that it has caused colleges to drop teams. It sought dismissal of the lawsuit and vowed to fight back in court.

That's an unsettling response to anyone who remembers that President Bush's assistant secretary of education for civil rights, Gerald Reynolds, was supposedly chosen for his reformist stand on, among other matters, Title IX. He was certainly pilloried by feminists and other left-leaning affirmative-action supporters. Kweisi Mfume of the NAACP called the appointment of Reynolds, a black conservative, "inconceivable." The National Women's Law Center called his views "troubling." So widespread was the criticism of Reynolds that the administration resorted to a recess appointment. Unbowed by his critics, Reynolds quickly pushed forward a Title IX reform designed to bolster same-sex education in public schools. Given this history, shouldn't Reynolds, the Bush administration, and the wrestlers now be on the same side?

In Washington things are never so simple. If the lawsuit goes forward and the wrestlers win, the result could be the very changes to Title IX that the Bush team wants—without Reynolds's having to take a pickaxe to the regulations, an attractive prospect for a recess appointee who must go through the confirmation process next year. It's an especially attractive prospect for a White House that doesn't appear to have the stomach for a foodfight on the athletics issue. Recent hints that the Department of Education would change its approach to athletics under Title IX ahead of the lawsuit came to nothing, and reforms at the regulatory level have been indefinitely shelved. For that matter, regulatory reforms haven't been the Bush team's strong suit—the administration has taken a beating and retreated from efforts to reverse some air-pollution regulations and restrictions on arsenic levels permissible in water, to name a few.

So all hopes rest on U.S. District Court judge Emmet G. Sullivan's ruling in favor of the wrestlers. Such a ruling would probably do away with the inflexible interpretations of Title IX that were issued by Democratic administrations in 1979 and 1996, breathing life back into many wrestling, track, and swim teams.

But victory for the wrestlers is no sure thing. Judge Sullivan is a Clinton appointee. The lawsuit will likely take years to wend its way through the courts. And at least six legal challenges to the athletics portion of Title IX have already failed.

The wrestlers and their lawyer, Larry Joseph of the Washington firm McKenna & Cuneo, however, argue that this challenge is stronger on the merits than previous ones. It targets the federal government rather than individual schools. And it steers clear of the gender politics of Title IX—shoals where previous lawsuits foundered—sticking instead to the fairly technical contention that the Education Department's 1979 and 1996 interpretations of the statute violate federal administrative law.

The authors of those two interpretations "didn't do what agencies are supposed to do when they write rules [interpreting a statute], so it's a promising kind of a lawsuit," says Joseph. "If they could do that, then any agency with a typewriter and letterhead could change the law." Among the Department of Education's alleged failings: No president or attorney general ever approved the two contentious interpretations, and the department has denied petitions to amend or repeal them, making them "arbitrary, capricious, [and] an abuse of discretion."

Melana Zyla Vickers is a columnist for TechCentralStation.com *and a senior fellow at the Independent Women's Forum, which plans to file an amicus brief on the wrestlers' behalf.*

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In a nutshell, it is the 1979 and 1996 interpretations that lead college administrators to match the proportions of male and female athletes with those of male and female enrollment in the college. This has generally meant splitting athletes 50-50. Because more men than women seek to participate in campus sports, men bear the brunt of this practice. At colleges where women predominate, such as Howard University, the cuts are drastic. Occasionally, notes wrestling-coach association executive director Mike Moyer, lower-profile women's teams are sacrificed as well.

"There are ample ways for the schools to comply [with Title IX] without cutting men's teams [such as wrestling]," counters Jocelyn Samuels, vice president for educational opportunities at the National Women's Law Center, which may weigh in against the wrestlers in the lawsuit. The colleges could cut football or basketball, she says. Those hugely popular male sports have large rosters of players and are well funded; cutting them back would free up money and athletic slots for the more vulnerable sports like wrestling and track. Samuels adds that women still need the leg-up offered by the 1979 and 1996 interpretations, as female athletes are still fewer, and attract less scholarship money, than male athletes.

But there's another way of looking at the data. If male college athletes still outnumber female athletes 209,000 to 160,000 after three decades of aggressive affirmative action under Title IX and a wild explosion of interest in sports among schoolgirls, isn't it possible that women students simply remain less interested in competitive college sports than men, and that college sports should be allowed to settle into a new equilibrium?

For now, it is up to the courts to decide. But while Bush officials look on, hoping the slow-moving justice system will eventually produce a result that their own regulators could bring about at a snap of their fingers, dozens more teams are likely to disappear. ♦

Reading the President

From Tom Sawyer to commander in chief.

BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT is only secondarily a person. Primarily, he is a symbol of what America thinks about itself, what it wants, and what it believes. In retrospect, we can see that for some time what America wanted was an end to responsibility. So the more recent two presidents were irresponsible men. In very different ways, both played Tom Sawyer, the bad boy who isn't really bad.

As it happens, the one time in my life I was inside the White House was on September 8, 2001. That weekend, Laura Bush presented the first National Book Festival, based on a regional book festival she had run for six years in Texas. There was a formal dinner on Friday evening at the Library of Congress, a magnificent hall, at which we sat at a table next to that of the Bushes. Over the weekend, there were readings, discussions, exhibits, all on the subject of books. Sixty writers of all kinds, from children's book authors to historians, from mystery novelists to poets, gathered in Washington that weekend at Mrs. Bush's invitation to promote literacy and the joy of reading, all culminating in a Saturday breakfast at the White House.

Through it all, Mrs. Bush was a charming, intelligent, passionately involved hostess. A former teacher and librarian, she had pushed the idea of this festival in Texas, and now she was sponsoring it in Washington, out of a conviction in the values of literacy. We attendees came to honor the idea of the book, but by the end of the weekend we had all learned to honor Mrs. Bush.

Frequently, in the two days of the festival, President Bush was at his wife's side, but he never said one word in public. He grinned, he winked, he waved at friends, he showed how proud he was of the little lady, but he never revealed a personality of his own. Except, of course, Tom Sawyer.

Three days after that White House breakfast, those inhuman creatures with their own death-soaked values called America's attention to themselves, as they'd been trying to do for years. This time, they succeeded, but they accomplished far more than they set out to do.

In the first place, they finally brought an end to the Vietnam war. For thirty years, America has been wounded, defensive, insecure, a braggart, and a bully because it was no longer sure of itself. Vietnam had broken America's belief in its own decency, the belief that had made it so useful and so cordial in the world for so long. A German friend once told me that, when he was a child, the first word one thought of in connection with Americans was "candor." After Vietnam, that was no longer the first word anyone thought of.

With one slap across the face on September 11, that changed. America became closer to what it had been in 1960, self-confident without arrogance. The nation of the Peace Corps, not Grenada. Which meant that the symbol at the top had to change. In the first day or two after September 11, George W. Bush could be seen floundering, breathing open-mouthed like a fish, waiting for somebody to

Donald E. Westlake's latest novel, Put a Lid on It, *has some Washington moments.*

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tell him what to do. But, more rapidly than I expected, he realized what he had to do. He had to become a grownup.

The new suit does not fit perfectly, but that's all right. President Bush is performing a demonstration of stern determination, and is certainly doing it well enough to pass. We asked him to change roles in mid-performance, and he did it. We could not ask for more. ♦

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A Pox on Both Our Houses

Moscow and Washington are playing with nuclear matches. BY HENRY SOKOLSKI

AT THE MOSCOW news conference following his summit meeting with President Bush, Vladimir Putin highlighted a disturbing inconsistency in U.S. nuclear nonproliferation policy: How, the Russian president complained, could America keep objecting to Moscow's completing two nuclear power reactors for Iran, when Washington is still backing the construction of two similar machines for North Korea? Iran, after all, hasn't formally violated its pledge to allow full international inspections of its nuclear facilities, whereas North Korea has. Worse, America's own intelligence community recently announced its belief that North Korea has covertly *built* one or more nuclear weapons—something Iran has yet to do.

President Putin has a point. Indeed, in many ways these two projects—and the security risks they run—are all too similar. Both projects involve construction of two large reactors of light water design. Both entail exhaustive training of hundreds of local personnel to operate and build the plants. Both require the transfer of technical information that the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission itself recently withdrew from the public domain for fear its availability could help terrorists make nuclear weapons or sabotage U.S. or allied nuclear power reactors.

Then there are the reactors themselves. They're large—each capable of generating 1,000,000,000 watts of electricity and plutonium for scores of bombs each year. Thus, 12 to 15 months after Iran or North Korea begins operating these twin machines, either nation would have enough plutonium to make over 100 nuclear weapons; in 36 months, each would have material sufficient to build an arsenal on a par with Great Britain or France.

In defending these projects, American *and* Russian diplomats have glossed over these dangers. They insist that the plutonium these reactors normally produce is not of the highest quality—not "weapons grade"—and that, in any case, it would be easy to detect the use of the reactors for weapons purposes.

Perhaps, but as former U.S. nuclear weapons laboratory director Hans Mark has pointed out, plutonium of any grade—including that normally produced in power reactors—can be used to make nuclear weapons. Indeed, in the 1960s, the U.S. government tested a nuclear device using power reactor grade plutonium. More important, during the first 12 to 15 months of these reactors' operation, the plutonium produced is almost entirely weapons grade. And if Iran or North Korea is willing to risk being detected, these reactors can continue to be operated "inefficiently" to produce more of such weapons material.

To these points, both American and Russian diplomats insist that Moscow or Washington could always cut off the supply of uranium fuel that Iran or North Korea would need to operate the reactors and that, in any case, neither Pyongyang nor

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Tehran has yet demonstrated an ability to extract the plutonium from light water reactor spent fuel. Again, these points are misleading. After all, both Iran and North Korea are known to have covert nuclear weapons programs in which the processing of uranium and extraction of plutonium figure prominently. Because of their "peaceful" reactor projects, they also have continued access to foreign nuclear power technology. So long as this continues, it is difficult to see how either Russia or the United States could keep Tehran or Pyongyang from developing any nuclear-weapons related capabilities they might need.

What makes all this even more worrisome, is that neither Moscow nor Washington seems to have a clue as to what to do were either North Korea or Iran caught using these reactors for military purposes. The last time Russia had to deal with a similar proliferation problem on its border was in the 1960s with China. As it became clear that Beijing wanted to use Russian nuclear know-how to acquire weapons of its own, Russia cut off nuclear and military sales, sought U.S. permission to target China's arsenal, and was forced to fortify its adjacent border with thousands of troops for nearly a quarter century.

As for the United States, its reaction to North Korea's first illicit use of its reactors was to promise Pyongyang in 1994 that we would supply it with 500,000 tons of fuel oil a year and two large modern nuclear reactors, and would normalize relations in exchange for its promise *eventually* to comply with its Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty pledges. That was nearly a decade ago. Now the White House is about to decide if the United States should offer Pyongyang new concessions, and in August, the reactors' foundations will be poured in the hope (against all experience) that such generosity might entice Pyongyang to change its ways.

As for Iran's likely acquisition of nuclear weapons, the only official U.S. policy response discussed to date (and this privately) is to offer Iran a nuclear-power-for-nuclear-restraint deal similar to that already struck with North Korea. Encouraging both of these countries to build large plutonium-producing reactors, of course, is one way to make our policies toward them consistent. But if Washington and Moscow are serious about making the world safer from nuclear terror, then it's past time we recognize that regimes intent on making bombs, like Iran and North Korea, are hardly worthy recipients of our nuclear technology and know-how. ♦

The Cowards of Academe

Michael Bellesiles's rear-guard defenders.

BY DAVID SKINNER

A NEW WORK OF HISTORY is published. You review the book on the front page of the book section of the *New York Times*, saying the author "has dispelled the darkness" surrounding an issue of significant historical interest. Turns out later the book is deeply flawed. Historical sources have been misrepresented. Key numbers are flat-out wrong. Data that should have been carefully collected and made reproducible for verification were neither, and when spot-checked against original documents, prove incorrect. The book's credibility is fatally undermined. Should you feel embarrassed? Why? Garry Wills, who reviewed Michael Bellesiles's *Arming America* for the *Times* book section on September 10, 2000, doesn't seem at all embarrassed. He simply declines to comment.

Equally sanguine are many other people and institutions who celebrated Bellesiles's prize-winning book for its "debunking" of the "myth" of widespread gun ownership in pre-Civil War America. Well over a year and a half after this mistake-ridden brief for gun control was published, precious few individuals or institutions have recanted or even qualified their support for its sloppy and dishonest work. Columbia University bestowed the prestigious Bancroft prize on *Arming America*, but has barely flinched at revelations of missing historical documents and gross miscounts, to say nothing of the author's own preposterous excuse-making, which has consistently dug him deeper in the hole.

For a time, it was rumored that the university would take back the prize. In December 2001, it was reported, the dean's office distributed copies of articles critical of Bellesiles's work to the judges who had awarded him the Bancroft. Nothing came of this. In January, James Devitt, a spokesman for the university, dismissed the idea that the controversy was anything out of the ordinary. Asked who the judges were, Devitt said the committee was "private," but that all three members "definitely have an expertise in these areas." Their identities now revealed, it is not clear that these scholars either have specifically relevant expertise or feel any more regret than the university does.

Professor of American Jewish history Arthur Goren, Columbia's own representative on the Bancroft panel, says after repeated requests for an interview, "I have nothing to say." Jan Ellen Lewis of Rutgers University, the author of *The Pursuit of Happiness: Family and Values in Jefferson's Virginia*

David Skinner is an assistant managing editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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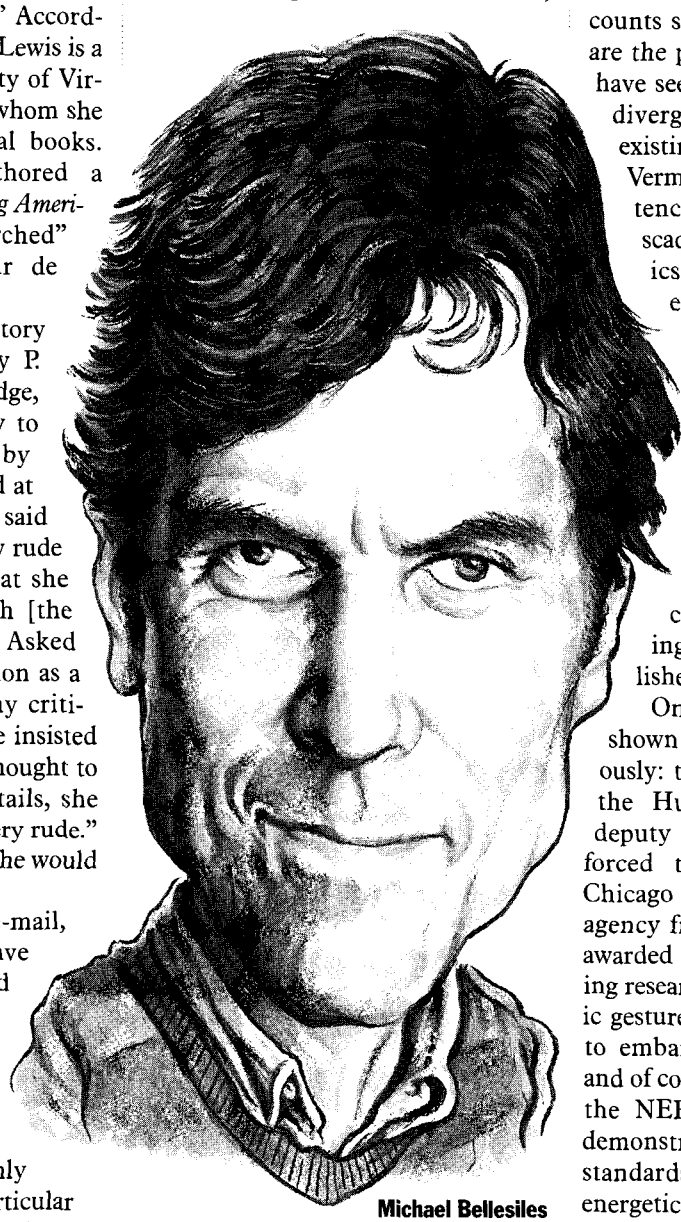
and coeditor of a book about Thomas Jefferson's relationship with slave Sally Hemings, is almost as reticent. "I've been very busy with the end of the semester, as well as a couple of writing deadlines of my own," she says via e-mail after several attempts to reach her. "I'm sorry; I don't have any comment at this time." According to her curriculum vitae, Lewis is a close colleague of University of Virginia's Peter S. Onuf, with whom she has collaborated on several books. Coincidentally, Onuf authored a blurb for the jacket of *Arming America*, calling it "deeply researched" and a "myth-busting tour de force."

Berkeley professor of history and women's studies Mary P. Ryan, the third Bancroft judge, is apparently also too busy to answer questions. Reached by phone, she seemed unnerved at having been identified. She said several times that it was very rude to call her like this and that she would "only speak through [the Bancroft] committee." Asked whether she had an obligation as a scholar to address the many criticisms of *Arming America*, she insisted that she had given a lot of thought to the subject. Pressed for details, she exclaimed, "You are being very rude." Finally Professor Ryan said she would answer questions via e-mail.

After receiving such an e-mail, she wrote back: "I have received your questions and will consider them. You will understand, however, if I find that this discussion is not the most productive way of advancing historical understanding, and it certainly is not the best use of my particular knowledge as a historian working on very different subjects. Therefore I will not be getting back to you until I have met some deadlines of my own." That was over three weeks ago. Professor Ryan has apparently joined the club of Bellesiles promoters who seem unworried that the book is fundamentally mistaken if not fraudulent.

Emory University, where Bellesiles is a professor of history, also seems to be taking the long way around to passing judgment. Last fall, after many months of serious scholarly dispute, the head of the history department suggested Bellesiles address his critics. What resulted were the most minor and superficial of concessions, wrapped in a thoroughly disingenuous article published in a professional newsletter. This failing to satisfy anyone, the *William and Mary Quarterly* agreed to host a discussion between Bellesiles and four other historians. Three of the four assailed Bellesiles's documentary evidence, saying he had failed "to supply basic information," that his approach was "consistently biased," and his findings were "mathematically improbable or impossible." Bellesiles's only defender simply failed to address the issues of documentary evidence.



Michael Bellesiles

With many questions still wanting answers—Why are Bellesiles's militia counts so open to challenge? Where are the probate records he claims to have seen, and why do his numbers diverge so radically from those in existing databases? What about the Vermont court records whose existence no one can verify? Or the scads of original sources his critics show he has misrepresented?—Emory University announced in February that a faculty commission would look into the matter. That commission led to the formation of yet another commission, this one made up of scholars from outside Emory. The persistent avoidance of coming to any conclusion, much less assessing blame, is now a well-established pattern.

One organization, however, has shown that it takes this matter seriously: the National Endowment for the Humanities. Recently, NEH deputy chairman Lynn Munson forced the Newberry Library in Chicago to formally disassociate her agency from a Newberry fellowship awarded to Bellesiles for his continuing research on guns. It was a symbolic gesture, to be sure, serving mainly to embarrass the Newberry people and of course Michael Bellesiles. Still, the NEH went out of its way to demonstrate a concern for academic standards, while so many scholars energetically postpone responsibility. In a letter responding to the NEH announcement, the Newberry Library denied any obligation to look into the accusations against Bellesiles, citing Emory University's own investigation as the "proper venue for such an investigation." Ah, yes—another scholarly institution that believes truthfulness is someone else's problem. ♦

Illustration by Drew Friedman

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ADVERTISEMENT

"Tea For Two"

In a quiet corner of Paradise my dear, departed Mother and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt met for tea.

Encouraged by the First Lady's friendliness and charm, my Mother asked her, "Do you see any similarities between what proceeded Pearl Harbor and the World Trade Center? Both tragic events have all to do with two presidents, your famous husband, Mr. Roosevelt and Laura's husband, Mr. Bush."

"Well, yes, in all fairness, I do. Why do you ask?" the great lady replied.

"Because," responded my Mother, "in a blistering attack on G.W. Bush, Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton blames him for being surprised and unprepared for 9/11. In the same breath, by never mentioning your legendary husband, Mr. Roosevelt, she seems to totally absolve him from being surprised and unprepared before 12/7, Pearl Harbor."

Said Eleanor Roosevelt, "Anyone would have thought Senator Clinton would have been sensible enough to refrain from bringing up what she did concerning President Bush and the World Trade Center. She should have been smart enough to have realized her having done so would only open up an old wound that, to this day, does injury to the everlasting glorious memory of my dear husband, Franklin. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. Senator Clinton will, of course, claim she never heard that one before. She has heard it. She should have stopped to think."

"It's clear enough to me, Mrs. Roosevelt," my Mother assured her. "Any other thoughts on Senator Clinton?"

"I'm told by many people, I'm a kind of role model for Hillary Clinton. I don't think I am for good and sufficient reasons. I'll tell you why."

"Please do," my Mother encouraged her.

"Senator Clinton is always posing as a champion of women's rights. How can that possibly be so? She surrenders what rights, as a woman, totally, in favor of men's rights, in her case to her husband no less."

"How, Mrs. Roosevelt?"

"President Clinton has gotten away completely with making a mockery of his marriage to his wife the Senator. He has repeatedly humiliated her. Lord only knows what lasting injury he has done to their beloved and only child. Any and all rights are reserved to her husband, none to her," the First Lady told my Mother. "Is that what women's rights are all about? How can she possibly be any kind of champion for women's rights? She's given away her basic ones and made it a lost cause because, of all people, her husband, who couldn't care less."

"Very strong, Mrs. Roosevelt," my Mother felt it safe to say.

"Yes, I suppose so," the First Lady answered. "There's really only one escape left to her, if she decides to take it. She may well have to, if she has any hope for another higher political post in mind for the future."

"What's that?" asked my Mother, thinking she knew but wanting to hear from Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Mrs. Patterson, put yourself and me in Senator Clinton's shoes. Would either one of us prosper or prevail were we not conscious of the fact that other people judge us by the company we keep?"

All my Mother could think to reply was, "I guess so, Mrs. Roosevelt. I think you're right. I presume you mean Senator Clinton will have to leave her husband President Clinton all alone out in left field as the saying goes."

"Yes, I mean all alone, poor man. Senator Clinton has no other choice left to her, poor woman," the First Lady sadly sighed. "As ye sow, so ye shall reap," she sighed once more.

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Hardly Intelligent

How the CIA unintentionally aids terrorism in the Middle East.

By Reuel Marc Gerecht

Since the Bush administration is ready to send George Tenet, director of central intelligence, to the Middle East in an effort to rekindle security talks between the Israelis and the Palestinians, it's time to ask, *Why?* Haven't we gone down this road before, and don't we know—even if we understandably choose not to confess—that the CIA unintentionally aided and abetted Palestinian terrorism against Israelis? If Tenet's mission leads to the CIA's helping Yasser Arafat rebuild and improve the Palestinian Authority's intelligence and security apparatus—which is what Langley had been doing, first quietly, then openly, after the Oslo accords—how can the Agency keep Arafat and his minions from again using U.S. training, equipment, and money against the Jewish state? Almost everything one learns in counterterrorism—communications, technical and physical surveillance, small-unit tactics, the analytical and psychological understanding of terrorist operations—can have an offensive terrorist application.

Make no mistake: The PA files seized by the Israelis in March in operation Defensive Shield—documents which Francis Taylor, the State Department's director of counterterrorism, recognized as authentic and Arafat described as "a big lie"—clearly reveal that the Palestinians' primary intelligence and security agencies were intimately involved with terrorist operations against the Israelis. Arafat's political-paramilitary organization, Fatah, the principal force within the Palestine Liberation Organization and the Palestinian Authority, is on display as the proud mother of the Al Aksa Martyrs Brigade, one of the primary groups sponsoring suicide-bombing operations. Arafat's money man, Fuad Shubaki, has his fingerprints all over the terrorist paper trail and the PA's arms-smuggling network. The documents show Arafat, who vigorously used his keys to the PLO treasury for 30 years to discriminate between friends and enemies, supervising closely the expenditure of funds for the intifada, ensuring that families of wounded and dead Palestinian fighters and terrorists get money, but not *too much* money.

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Before Arafat decided to unleash the Al Aksa Intifada in the fall of 2000, the prevailing view in CIA circles was that Langley's tutorials had made the Palestinian intelligence and security organizations better able to fulfill their police and counterterrorist responsibilities under Oslo. And they undoubtedly had. It is reasonable to suspect that by the mid-1990s Fatah was no longer rich in Soviet and East German-trained terrorist talent. Wars against the Israelis, Lebanese, and Syrians, Israeli counterterrorist strikes, seafront indolence in Tunisian exile, and just aging certainly had degraded the sharpness of Fatah as an intelligence and terrorist organization. Fatah obviously wasn't feeble—a Middle Eastern guerrilla-terrorist outfit by definition has, like the Mafia, a certain innate predatory frame of mind, allowing it to understand instinctively the essentials for survival. But Tawfiq Tirawi, who was in charge of the PA's General Intelligence Organization on the West Bank, probably learned something from Langley. The documents clearly show that the West Bank GIO was making use of Israeli intelligence information (perhaps passed by the CIA) to warn "brothers" sought by Israel for terrorism. If Langley was doing its job well—and Tenet always insists that the Agency is first rate—then it provokes the question: What did the CIA teach the Palestinian intelligence and security organizations that they could not have used against the Israelis? CIA counterterrorist operatives, paramilitary officers, analysts, and technicians aren't diplomats. They are primarily mechanics, not loquacious, peace-loving theoreticians.

And if Tenet and the Directorate of Operations—the CIA's clandestine service, which oversees the intelligence and security liaison relationship with the Palestinian Authority—don't want to answer that question (the answer would be classified), then they and the administration could perhaps explain why they believe the Palestinian security and intelligence organizations have been transformed in three months into responsible parties, who can safely receive guidance and information from Americans. (The answer to that certainly isn't classified.) Won't any effort by the Americans to rebuild and unify the Palestinian intelligence and security organizations actually make the PA more, not less, capable of orchestrating effective terrorist attacks?

After all, the effectiveness of terrorists goes up, not

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down, when the authority behind them is better organized, financed, and informed. From reading the documents and applying just a little common sense, it would appear that there are only three principal Palestinian players in the terror war against Israel: the Islamic militant groups Islamic Jihad and Hamas, and Fatah. Within Fatah, it appears there is some competition, and vastly more cooperation, between the General Intelligence Organization, the Preventive Security Organization, the Al Aksa Martyrs Brigade, and Tanzim, the chief paramilitary organization. You don't see in the documents the smallest hint that any arm of Fatah is trying to stop the anti-Israeli terrorist activity of any other arm. The documents also show that the Palestinian Authority had little difficulty collecting intelligence on members of Hamas, Islamic Jihad, and Fatah, as well as ordinary Palestinians, whom the PA is regularly extorting, jailing, and not infrequently assassinating for "collaboration" with Israel.

If the Palestinian Authority's security and intelligence services were fractured, which is what the Bush administration and the CIA must obviously believe since the administration now wants Tenet to unite the various organizations, it's by no means clear that Fatah's "diversity" diminished its effectiveness. Money, weapons, the ingredients for suicide bombs, assassination orders, and intelligence gathered on the Israelis apparently have moved adequately well through the PA's bureaucracy and the various Palestinian groups and terrorist organizations. By Arafat's managerial standards, exceptionally well, since even small issues of finance—the expenditure of a few hundred dollars, out of a PA monthly operating budget of perhaps $90 million—returned to him for his signature or his office's approval. Is there some reason to think that if the terrorist-supporting Palestinian officials in one security organization were merged with those in another security organization, the combination would produce counterterrorist officers willing to kill their former comrades-in-arms who continue the fight the Zionist enemy? These will obviously not be the CIA's earlier Palestinian liaison contacts, since the Israelis have, it strongly appears, either jailed, killed, or are searching for key players in the Agency's post-Oslo circle of Palestinian counterparts.

George Tenet

Illustration by Darren Gygi

Does Tenet believe that the leaders and their principal underlings in the PA's major security and intelligence organizations weren't directly involved in the terrorist attacks on Israel? If he does, he should say so. To put it another way, has the Directorate of Operations ever assessed the culpability of its Palestinian interlocutors with the same thoroughness it once deployed to discover whether Agency officers were aiding and abetting torturers in Latin America? Though it's easy to believe that powerless middle-class and lower-class Palestinians who've had their lives battered and impoverished by Arafat's despotism would want to start afresh and rid the Palestinian Authority of its gangsters and holy warriors, it's more difficult to imagine that the primary beneficiaries of Arafat's police state—the officials of the intelligence and security services—would want to damn, let alone purge, themselves for their behavior. If Tenet and the officers of the Directorate of Operations who've had the closest contact with Palestinian intelligence and security types believe that *their* Palestinians somehow don't fit these despotic norms, it would be nice to know why and compare their names with those the Israelis are more than willing to discuss publicly.

The documents the Israelis seized strongly suggest that Arafat's war against Israel was a powerful force for fraternity and faith among Palestinian intelligence and security officials, from the highest to the lowest ranks. Where is Tenet going to find new men for the reformed and unified security service? Where are these sinners-turned-realists hiding in sufficient numbers? Or does the Bush administration now believe that Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon's incursions into the West Bank have finally cracked the will of the hardest nuts within the Palestinian Authority's ruling apparatus? If they have, it is ironic, since important voices within the administration—preeminently Secretary of State Colin Powell—have strongly suggested that Sharon's tactics were woefully counterproductive.

Unfortunately, this assessment is most likely unfounded. Say what you will about the hard core of the Palestinian national movement, they're not pussycats. It is possible—just barely—to envision the warriors and terrorists of the Palestinian Authority seeing reason after months of nonstop pounding, say a six-month version of the battle of the Jenin refugee camp. But is such a change of heart likely

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after Jerusalem, not to mention Washington, showed itself fearful of engaging the Israeli Army in urban warfare in the densely packed streets of Gaza? Israel's West Bank incursion in March probably won't prove sufficient to provoke common Palestinians to rise up against their well-armed overlords in such numbers as to convince the rank and file of the intelligence and security apparatus to perform a palace coup, whitewash their own minds, and become one with the poor, suffering Palestinian people.

Or are Yasser Arafat and his muscle men supposed to change profoundly because of outside Arab pressure—the Bush-Abdullah two-step, where the Americans pressure Sharon to be peace-loving and generous and the Saudi crown prince and other Arabs compel Arafat to fight terrorism?

This scenario is surreal. The Arab states, which have mercilessly exploited the Palestinian cause for their own purposes, have only twice forced Arafat to do anything that he adamantly didn't want to do. And both times it was Arab armies—the Jordanians in Jordan in 1970 and the Syrians in Lebanon in 1982-83—that brought Arafat and his guerrilla-cum-terrorist elite to heel. Arafat must surely giggle when contemplating the idea of the Saudis' arm-twisting him into zero-tolerance of jihad. The Saudis just held their first-ever telethon on behalf of the Palestinian intifada in which millions were raised in support of Palestinian "martyrs." The word "martyr" (*shahid*) has iconic status in Arabic, particularly when applied to the struggle against the Israelis. The poor Palestinian who gets caught in Israeli-Tanzim crossfire may be a martyr for the cause, but the suicide bomber who cuts to pieces a dozen Israelis is the idealized *shahid*. When Saudi officials proclaim they don't discriminate between money that goes to civilian victims of Israeli "aggression" and to the families of suicide bombers, they are implicitly conceding that they support kamikaze holy warriors. They know this, the average Saudi watching television knows this, and so does Yasser Arafat. Arafat even painfully appreciates this point (see the documents), since the Palestinian Authority has been very upset with the Saudis for giving money directly to Hamas, the preeminent Islamic fundamentalist group in the West Bank and Gaza. Hamas, of course, makes no pretense of rejecting suicide bombing, in which it zealously engages.

Saudi crown prince Abdullah doesn't have to fear the "Arab street" rising up in indignation because Israeli "aggression" prevents an Israeli-Palestinian peace; he has to worry about the Wahhabi religious heartland of his country, in the Najd region, rising up against any effort by the Saudi rulers to grant the Jewish state legitimacy and security. Odds are that Arafat, who has had a love-hate relationship with the Saudi royal family for 30 years, knows the essentials of Saudi society all too well. The House of Saud at home winks at its Wahhabi bedrock faithful, telling them by word and deed the much-vaunted "peace initiative" of Abdullah isn't serious, that it's window dressing for a Washington that has gotten a little rowdy since 15 Saudi terrorists, led by a renowned and much admired member of one of Arabia's most prestigious families, killed 3,000 Americans. The historian of the Middle East Bernard Lewis has given the most apposite description of the Saudi Wahhabis. Imagine, Professor Lewis suggested, the state of Texas being seized by the Ku Klux Klan, who then use the state's oil wealth to propagate their extremist gospel around the world. That the Bush administration now appears to embrace the Saudis in a joint quest for peace in the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation is evidence that the American war on terrorism may soon become farce.

The CIA's continuing dance with Palestinian terrorists who have salaried jobs as Palestinian Authority security and intelligence officials certainly shows that the "realist" folks at the Agency and at the State Department, who have been distinctly uncomfortable with the president's black-and-white axis-of-evil speech, are on the verge of exempting Palestinian nationalism, now intertwined with irredentist, holy-warrior terrorism, from any lasting American censure. When Palestinian terrorists kill Israelis, it doesn't take long before some State Department official reaffirms America's support for a Palestinian state, its hope for Crown Prince Abdullah's "peace initiative," and the need for a resumption of security talks. Arafat hears the State Department director of counterterrorism describe the Israeli-seized documents of the Palestinian Authority as authentic, and then hears Ambassador Taylor add, "We are continuing to study those documents and to draw our own conclusions about what they mean. We've not completed that." Arafat knows that what Taylor really said is that the State Department won't be damning him or his men for their actions.

If you were Arafat, would you conclude that your terrorist tactics, which have killed more than a few U.S. citizens in Israel, had in any way incurred America's wrath? Many average Palestinians may hate Arafat, but in the larger Arab Muslim world, particularly among the radical and Islamist set to whom Arafat has always been attentive, he's recaptured glory he hasn't known in years. And if you're an Arab Muslim in the Middle East who has listened sympathetically to Osama bin Laden's enrapturing message that the United States doesn't have the stomach to engage in a knock-down fight against Muslims willing to die for their faith, can you see proof of bin Laden's promise in the Bush

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administration's actions toward the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation? Can you look nearby, at Iraq, and see the Americans becoming more hesitant in their plans? Timidity towards Iraq and an increasingly frenetic solicitousness toward the Israeli-Palestinian peace process helped create the widespread perception of American weakness throughout the Middle East in the 1990s.

The State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency have stubbornly refused to see the big picture of Islamic militancy. For them, bin Laden is more a man than a phenomenon: an isolatable problem that can be fought here and there with U.S. troops or paramilitary advisers, but that has rather limited philosophical implications for U.S. policy in the Middle East. Our actions toward Iraq, the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria, or Iran should not, in this view, radically change because of September 11.

These foreign-policy professionals would much prefer not to see the Saudi holy warrior as part of the continuing clash between Western and Islamic civilizations. To do so would overturn a central tenet of their working philosophy. To wit, America's support of Israel—not America's position as the preeminent Western power—is the root cause of American-Muslim tension in the Arab world. The Near East Bureau at the State Department has been stubbornly blind to the concurrence of Israel's victories over its Arab foes and the extraordinary increase of American influence throughout the region. A foreign service officer has been more likely to receive kudos for writing about Israeli settlements than chronicling the depredations of Arafat's men against the Palestinian people, or the Lebanese Shiites, whom the PLO ransacked for over ten years. And the CIA, which usually mirrors the State Department's analysis and mood in the Middle East, is perhaps even more hostile to any interpretation of the region that doesn't cast Israel as the overwhelming cause of anti-American sentiment in the Muslim world. The Directorate of Operations, which has usually set the tone for the CIA and certainly does under Tenet, has a particularly difficult time escaping the prism of the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation. Like diplomats, case officers in the Middle East usually find the Arab world warm and ingratiating. It is very easy for U.S. officials in the region to mistake hospitality for profound friendship, and to allow personal rapport to define professional reporting. Meanwhile, juxtaposed with the Arabs are the Israelis, who are easily among the rudest people on earth. Within the CIA, such personal chemistry matters enormously.

Many of the most consequential assets the clandestine service's Near East Division has ever had have been Palestinian. It is an excellent bet that most, if not all, of these foreign agents were actually emissaries of Yasser Arafat to the U.S. government at a time when it was illegal for Washington to have official contact with the PLO. Those contacts helped shape a distinctly pro-Palestinian clandestine service. More so than the State Department's foreign service, the Operations Directorate is historically ill-suited to entangle itself with a Palestinian movement with which it has developed its own unique, covert, and (understandably) affectionate relationship.

Ever since Vice President Dick Cheney's trip to the Middle East in March shifted the focus of the administration from war with Iraq to the Israeli-Palestinian confrontation, the CIA and State Department analyses have dominated thinking in Washington. Their understandings of the Arab Muslim world have now caused the Bush administration's war on terrorism to run aground. Where the president's axis-of-evil speech should have led Washington to abandon Arafat, the Palestinian Authority, and the Oslo "path to peace," we have seen Assistant Secretary of State William Burns and CIA director Tenet trying hard to give all three a new lease on life. Now the administration is embracing Crown Prince Abdullah's "peace initiative," when it should have had the vice president inform the crown prince privately that the United States isn't confident that the House of Saud is a stable dynasty, seeing that it depends on the oppression of Arabian Shiites who sit atop most of Saudi Arabia's oil. He could have added that American support for a plebiscite in the Hijaz—the region containing the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina, which the Saudis in 1925 stole from the Hashemite family (now the ruling dynasty in Jordan)—might be a good idea since it isn't clear that the Arabs of Hijaz like living under foreign domination. He could have also suggested that the United States was seriously considering freezing all of the assets of any Saudi who gives money to a known terrorist group or to a Saudi missionary organization that spreads pro-holy war, anti-American propaganda.

Since September 11, the Bush administration could have decided to embrace the cherished Middle Eastern tradition of *machtpolitik*. And everyone would have understood clearly. But instead we have CIA director George Tenet headed for the West Bank to drink tea again with Palestinian "intelligence and security forces" who probably had a hand in killing Americans. CIA penetrations of Middle East terrorist groups are supposed to prevent the loss of life, not advance it. But such twists and turns in the Bush administration's war on terrorism reveal the newfound flexibility of America's foreign policy. When President Bush was recently in Paris, he remarked that the United States and France share fundamental values. It would appear, alas, that the president wasn't kidding. ♦

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On the Jewish Question

A conversation across generations.

By David Gelernter

The statements below of Goering, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Hoess, Shirach, Sauckel, and Streicher in and out of court during the Nuremberg War Crimes Trial are quoted verbatim from G.M. Gilbert, *Nuremberg Diary*, 1947. Goering was Reich marshal. Ribbentrop was foreign minister. Rosenberg was chief Nazi philosopher and minister for the east. Frank was governor of Nazi Poland. Frick was interior minister. Hoess was commandant of Auschwitz. Shirach was head of the Hitler Youth. Sauckel was labor chief. Streicher was editor of the Nazi weekly *Der Stuermer*—the Storm Trooper.

* * *

"Stay in any five-star hotel anywhere from Jordan to Iran, and you can buy the infamous forgery 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion.'" Susan Sachs, *New York Times*, 5/27/02.

SHIRACH: *"Why did our elders betray us? Why didn't anybody tell us that Ford had repudiated* The International Jew *and that the* Protocols of Zion *was a forgery?"*

"Daniel Bernard, the French ambassador to England, recently referred to Israel at a London dinner party as 'a shitty little country' and then denied being anti-Semitic." Hillel Halkin, *Commentary*, 2/02.

RIBBENTROP: *"After all, I was working for an anti-Semitic Government. . . . But I have never myself been anti-Semitic."*

"Wyatt recounts being told by a liberal member of the House of Lords, 'the Jews have been asking for it, and now, thank God, we can say what we think at last.'" Halkin, *Commentary*, 2/02.

STREICHER: *"I didn't create the problem; it existed for hundreds of years. I saw how the Jews were pushing themselves into all spheres of German life."*

"'I never believed that Israel had the right to exist at all,' [Tom] Paulin [professor at Oxford] told the Egyptian *al-Ahram* weekly in April, and Jews from Brooklyn who have settled in the West Bank 'are Nazis, racists. . . . They should be shot dead.'" Gabriel Schoenfeld, *Commentary*, 6/02.

ROSENBERG: *"I don't know. . . . I had no idea that it would lead to extermination in any literal sense."*

"Hitler should have finished the job"—placard at a demonstration, U.N. World Conference Against Racism, Durban, South Africa, August 2001.

SHIRACH: *"I don't think there will ever be anti-Semitism in the world again, after this horrible example."*

News items: "In Germany, two orthodox Jews were beaten. . . . A woman wearing a star-of-David necklace was attacked. . . . Jewish memorials in Berlin were defaced. . . . A synagogue was spray-painted with the words, 'Six Million Is Not Enough. PLO.'"

SAUCKEL: *"I want to tell you that I know absolutely nothing of these things, and I certainly had absolutely nothing to do with it!"*

"Wrote one commentator in the *Suddeutsche Zeitung*: 'It's been a long time since the hatred of Jews—once disguised as anti-Zionism—has been as socially acceptable in Germany as it is today." Schoenfeld, *Commentary*, 6/02.

GOERING: *"Don't worry—the time will come when the world will think differently about all this, and the German people will see things differently too. . . . Who knows how things will develop in 50-100 years?"*

The Saudi daily *Al Riyadh* "accused Jews of consuming the blood of Christian and Muslim children during the holiday of Purim. The author, a lecturer at King Faisal University in Dammam, Saudi Arabia, called this medieval fiction a 'well-established fact.'" Sachs, *New York Times*, 5/27/02.

HOESS: *"Don't you see, we SS men were not supposed to think about these things; it never even occurred to us. . . . And besides, it was something already taken for granted that the Jews were to blame for everything."*

David Gelernter is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

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Item: "A selection of cartoons from the Arab press that shows Prime Minister Ariel Sharon gleefully eating Palestinian children in the Palestinian *Al-Quds* daily . . ."

STREICHER: "Why, it's all in the Talmud. . . . The Talmud is full of such things."

". . . an Israeli soldier presenting his mother with a bottle of Palestinian blood in the Jordanian paper *Al-Dustour* . . ." Melissa Radler, *Jerusalem Post*, 5/10/02.

HOESS: "It fitted in with all that had been preached to me for years."

Item: "An article in the respected French left-wing weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* reporting, straight-faced, a long-disproved slander to the effect that soldiers of the Israel Defense Force rape Palestinian women so that their families will then murder them to redeem the family honor . . ." Halkin, *Commentary*, 2/02.

HOESS: "We just never heard anything else. It was not just newspapers like the Stuermer *but it was everything we ever heard."*

"True, [Sharon] uses all the weapons prohibited by international law. True he uses depleted uranium, true he uses toxic gases." Yasser Arafat (3/29), in the *Jerusalem Post*, 4/10/02.

HOESS: "It only started to occur to me after the collapse that maybe it was not quite right."

* * *

"A Saudi cleric enjoined his Muslim brothers 'not to have any mercy or compassion on the Jews, their blood, their money, their flesh. Their women are yours to take, legitimately. God made them yours. Why don't you enslave their women?'" Schoenfeld, *Commentary*, 6/02.

Testimony of HOESS: "Those capable of working were sent to the labor details, and the rest, including most women and all young children, were sent to the extermination chambers immediately. . . . The women's hair was packed in bales for commercial use."

At the University of California, Berkeley, the "Hillel society building was defaced with anti-Semitic graffiti, and the city's largest synagogue has received a stream of threats, including one in which a telephone caller said that all Jews should be 'annihilated' and 'holocausted.'" Schoenfeld, *Commentary*, 6/02.

STREICHER "had spoken about exterminating the Jews but hadn't meant it literally."

The Durban Forum "branded Zionism as racism; condemned Israel as a 'racist, apartheid state' guilty of 'acts of genocide' and 'ethnic cleansing'; called for the establishment of a war crimes tribunal to bring to justice those responsible for these 'crimes against humanity.'" Ina Friedman, *Jerusalem Report*, 4/8/02.

ROSENBERG "admitted to having used 'very strong words' about the Jews . . . but all of that propaganda was not to be taken literally."

HOESS: "Maybe it was not quite right."

"The use of Nazi imagery, the newspaper caricatures of Jews with fangs and exaggerated hook noses, even the Arab textbooks with their descriptions of Jews as evil world conspirators—all of that, Arab leaders often insist, reflects a dislike for Israelis and Zionism but not for Jews and Judaism." Sachs, *New York Times*, 5/27/02.

FRICK "never had been an anti-Semite," he said, "never had hated the Jews."

"These extremist elements murdered my partner Yitzhak Rabin." Yasser Arafat on Al Jazeera (3/29), in the *Jerusalem Post*, 4/10/02.

RIBBENTROP reported that "Some of his best friends were Jews."

"We can compare what is happening in Palestine to what happened in Auschwitz." Jose Saramago, Portuguese Nobel laureate in literature, 3/25/02.

"They begged their mothers, screaming: 'Mother, please, water, water!'" Filip Mueller describing transports arriving at Auschwitz, in Claude Lanzmann's film Shoah.

A cultural milestone in European history: "We can compare what is happening in Palestine to what happened in Auschwitz."

"As people reached the crematorium, they saw everything—this horribly violent scene. The whole area was ringed with SS. Dogs barked. Machine guns." Filip Mueller on Auschwitz, in Shoah.

Jose Saramago, Nobel laureate: "We can compare what is happening in Palestine to what happened in Auschwitz."

"The gas took about ten to fifteen minutes to kill. The most horrible thing was when the doors of the gas chambers were opened"—Filip Mueller on Auschwitz, in Shoah.

"In the month of March, we lost the lives of more than 126 persons." Israeli foreign minister Shimon Peres, on the suicide-murderers.

GOERING: "Ach, those mass murders! It is a rotten shame, the whole thing. I'd rather not talk about it, or even think about it."

* * *

Surely most of the world abhors and abominates this flood of Jew-hatred and Jewish state-hatred? We don't know, because most of the world is silent.

SHIRACH: "My wife had seen how Jews were being dragged out of their homes, and being an outspoken idealist, she asked the Fuehrer whether he knew about such disgraceful action. He was silent."

HOESS: "Maybe it was not quite right."

Too late. ♦

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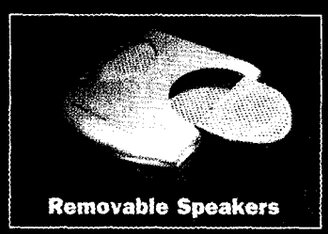

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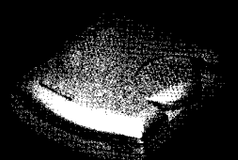

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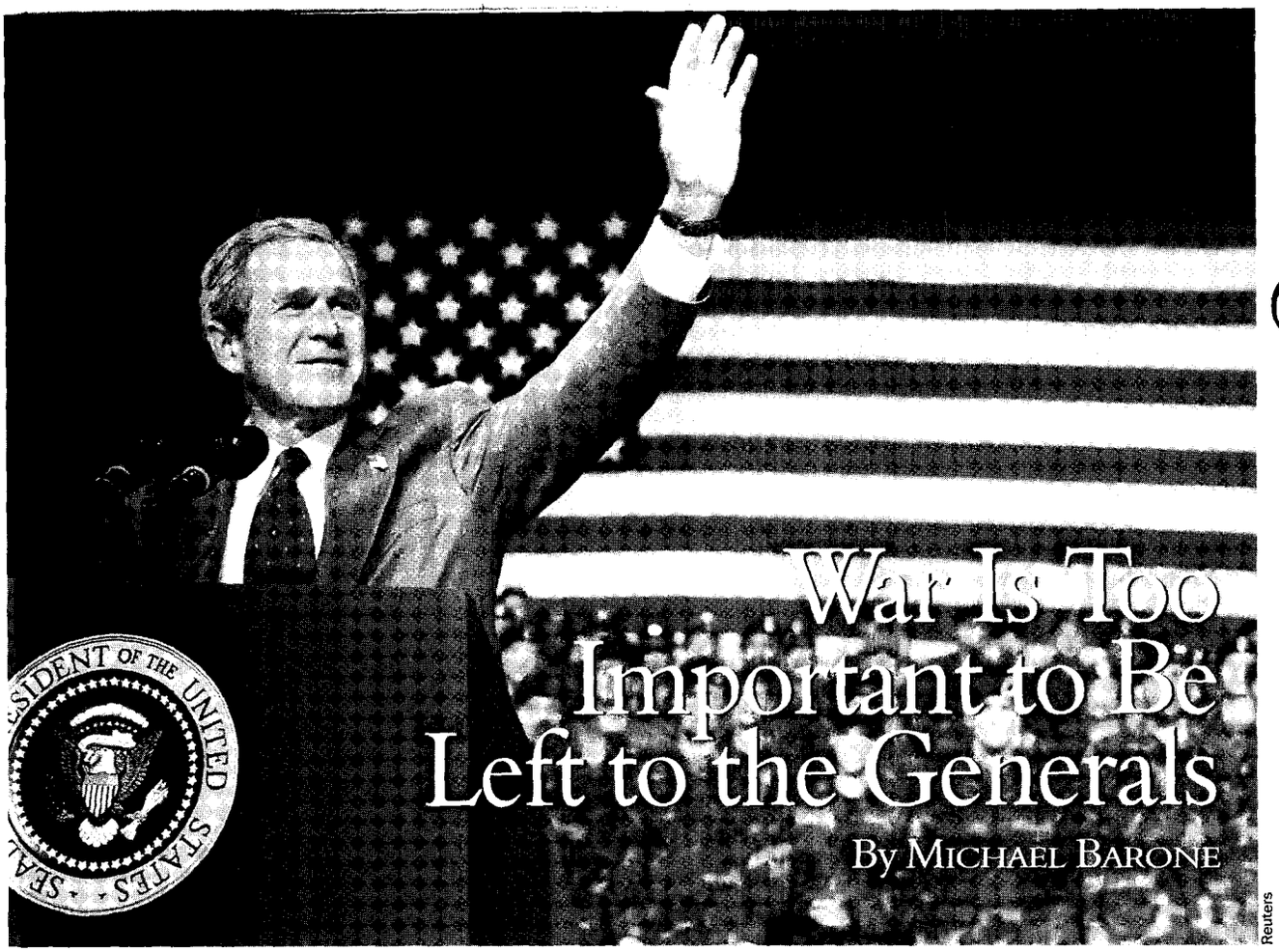

Reuters

War Is Too Important to Be Left to the Generals

By Michael Barone

Every so often a book appears just at the moment when it is most needed—even though that moment was entirely unpredicted.

Such a book is Eliot Cohen's *Supreme Command*, a superb study of civilian commanders in chief in times of war by the nation's leading scholar of military-civilian relations. The book was planned when Cohen was teaching at the Naval War College in the 1980s, but it appears as George W. Bush is faced with the most difficult and momentous decisions in our war against terrorism.

Cohen's subject is the relation between civilian commanders in chief and their military leaders. His examples of great civilian statesmanship are Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War, Georges Clemenceau in World War I, Winston Churchill in World War II, and David Ben Gurion in Israel's war for independence. And the lessons he draws from their experiences are in important cases the opposite of the lessons that most Americans—notably George W. Bush and Colin Powell—seem to have drawn from our recent history. If Cohen is right, George W. Bush needs to be more like Lincoln and Clemenceau, Churchill and Ben Gurion, if he is to lead us effectively to victory in this difficult and unprecedented war.

Supreme Command
Soldiers, Statesmen and Leadership in Wartime
by Eliot A. Cohen
Free Press, 272 pp., $25

Cohen challenges the long-held view that military strategy should be a sphere wholly apart from civilian leadership. The model, set out by Samuel Huntington among others, is that military strategy is a matter of technical expertise, which must inevitably be degraded by civilian influence; the commander in chief is to set the goal, and the military is to decide how to get there. Civilian non-interference in things military is thus, in this view, the corollary of military non-interference in things civilian (and hence political).

Things seldom work this way. Certainly the military in none of the societies Cohen studies threatened the principle of civilian control; there were no coups, no mutinies, no serious threats of either. But the great civilian war statesmen did interfere in things military. And this was unavoidable. The goals of the military—the definitions of victory—are ultimately political questions; as Churchill wrote in 1923, "The distinction between politics and strategy diminishes as the point of view is raised. At the summit true politics and strategy are one." Not even military professionals have real practice employing military tactics: They spend most of their careers *not* fighting. "It is quite true that conventional war can hardly be made by complete amateurs," Cohen concludes, "yet neither can it be handed over to the professionals."

Abraham Lincoln came to the presidency in 1861 with little military experience; he served in the Black Hawk War in 1832, and, as a one-term member of the House, he opposed the Mexican War in the 1840s. But once he

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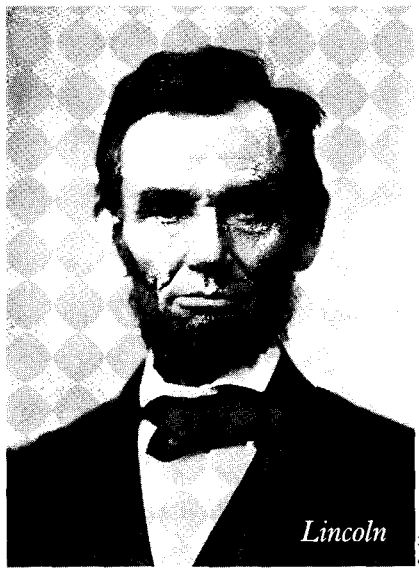
became president, he did not hesitate to fire his generals until he found ones he liked, and from the beginning of the Civil War—in his ignoring of the generals who did not want to reprovision Fort Sumter—he was willing to reject the military's advice. And he issued to his generals, often on a daily basis, detailed orders that he took care to see were obeyed. He also took an interest in military technology, which resulted in use of the breech-loading rifle and improved naval ordnance. More to the point, Lincoln developed an overarching strategy for a conflict whose extent and course no one anticipated. And at the same time, he was able to adapt to events as they happened. To the end, he kept control, sharply forbidding Grant, for example, from entering into any negotiations with Lee except for the Confederates' surrender.

Winston Churchill for Cohen is "the twentieth-century war statesman *par excellence*." Like Lincoln, Churchill was hated by his generals. (Lord Alanbrooke said he "has only got half the picture in his mind, talks absurdities and makes my blood boil to listen to his nonsense," and when in 1957 he spoke in praise of his three service chiefs at a victory dinner, none of the three had a word of praise for him. It didn't help that they had to get up early and Churchill kept them up till late at night.) Churchill was seen as unstable, given to flights of enthusiasm, undisciplined, meddling in what was not his business.

Cohen will have none of this. Churchill worked hard and systematically, made sure that he got digestible reports on military technology and scientific advances and statistical reports free of departmental bias, and was able to adapt skillfully to the swiftly changing currents of the war. At every point he was willing to challenge and question the judgments and recommendations of his military leaders—much to their discomfort. "A continuous audit of the military's judgment," Cohen calls it. Through persistent and well-aimed questions, he got the military to give in on things small (restoring regimental patches) and big (full supplies for the code-breakers at Bletchley Park). And he was right on the important issues: on the menace of Hitler in 1938, the importance of the United States, air defense, the Battle of the Atlantic, the technology of cross-Channel invasion, and the danger of communism after the war. His generals and admirals resented him, but he won.

Cohen finds similar patterns in Georges Clemenceau and David Ben Gurion. "War is too important to be left to the generals," Clemenceau famously said, and he acted on his theory: After becoming premier in 1917 at age seventy-six, he visited the front lines one day a week for the rest of the war. He cashiered many generals, made sure others obeyed orders to prepare defenses in depth, and balanced the demands of very different military commanders and balky coalition allies.


Lincoln

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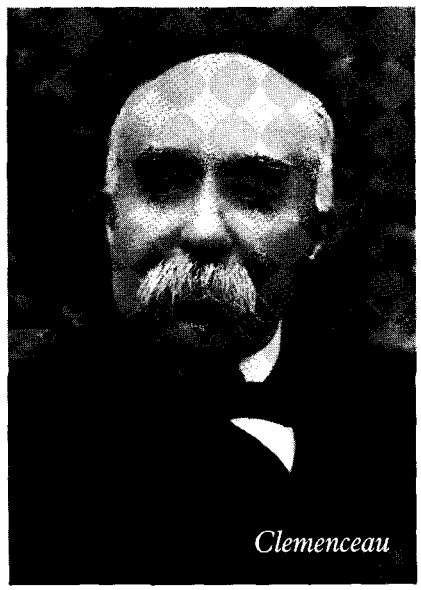
Clemenceau

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David Ben Gurion, with little military experience in 1947, interviewed all the Jewish military leaders, and then, choosing his generals carefully, knitted together several self-defense and terrorist groups into an army that was able to defend the new state of Israel against the armed forces of the Arab states. As Cohen puts it, he "drove and inspired his subordinates to do things which left to their own devices they may have known to be desirable, but which they might not have carried out."

Cohen's favorite war statesmen never treated the military as a separate, specialized sphere in which they had no business meddling. They were always "querying, prodding, suggesting, arbitrating, and, on rare occasions, ordering their professional subordinates." They were not popular with their military leaders: "All of them drove their generals to distraction, eliciting a curious mixture of rage and affection as they did so." This is a vivid contrast, he argues, to the mostly less successful American commanders in chief from 1965 to 1999, who "waged war according to the 'normal theory' of civil-military relations."

Here Cohen counters conventional wisdom and disagrees with the lessons that many of the military officers who fought in Vietnam—notably Colin Powell—drew from that conflict. Didn't Lyndon Johnson and Robert McNamara unduly intervene in purely military matters in Vietnam? Not at all, Cohen says. Johnson did insist on approving bombing targets, but he reasonably regarded that as a political matter, fearing that if he bombed too far the Chinese would enter the conflict, as they had with disastrous results in Korea less than fifteen years before.

What Johnson didn't do and should have done was question the bombing campaign or General William Westmoreland's strategy of using heavy firepower to run up the body count in areas far from population centers. Nor

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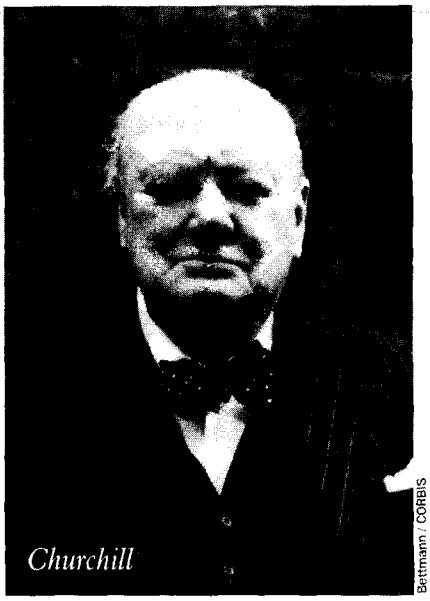
did he work to elicit from his military commanders any alternative to that strategy:

> Westmoreland, the straightlaced and, on the whole, unimaginative commander . . . would not have lasted four and a half years in command under Lincoln. A Clemenceau would surely have visited him more than once or twice in his theater of war. . . . A Churchill would hardly have let him slip away without a constant, even brutal questioning of his strategic concept, and a Ben Gurion would, after massive study, have discovered the impossibly haphazard organization that divided the air war (to take just one example) among at least three separate and uncoordinated commands, and which prevented the American commander in South Vietnam from overhauling his ally's corrupt army.

Johnson was famously vicious to his subordinates. But not evidently to Westmoreland, who wrote in his memoir, "I have never known a more thoughtful or considerate man than Lyndon B. Johnson." It would have been better had Johnson been rude.

In the years after Vietnam, professional soldiers believed that the mistakes of Vietnam had reduced the American people's regard for the armed services and impaired the military, and they acted to prevent their political superiors from repeating these mistakes. Where Lyndon Johnson had almost entirely refused to call up the National Guard, the Army chief of staff, Creighton Abrams, created the "Total Force" structure that intermingled active duty and reserve units: "They're not taking us to war again without calling up the reserves," Abrams declared. The post-Vietnam officers inspired Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's six rules for military engagement, which required advance knowledge of how American forces could achieve "clearly defined objectives" and "reasonable assurance that we will have the support of the American people and their elected representatives in Congress." In a similar spirit was the "Powell Doctrine," in which Colin Powell, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, insisted that



Churchill

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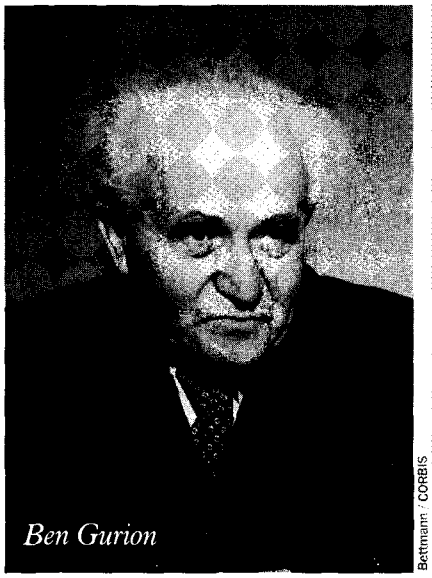

Ben Gurion

Bettmann / CORBIS

America have "overwhelming force" to reach its objectives and a clear-cut exit strategy.

Conventional wisdom has it that the civilian leadership wisely abstained from controlling the military during the Gulf War. Cohen thinks things went farther. "Powell successfully preempted a good deal of civilian control in the Gulf War through his own highly developed political sense." Inside the Pentagon, Powell opposed going to war in 1990. Did that move pro-Pentagon politicians like Senate Armed Services chairman Sam Nunn to oppose the Gulf War resolution? Defense secretary Dick Cheney did not speak regularly with General Norman Schwarzkopf, who was directly beneath him in the chain of command, but evidently dealt through Powell. Powell stopped the bombing of Baghdad after one sortie hit a command and control center that housed a shelter for families of the Iraqi elite; he also acted to see that American forces targeted Iraqi missile launchers sending Scuds to Israel.

But the greatest arrogation of political decision-making by the military came over when and how to end the war. Powell recommended stopping the bombing after a hundred hours, for fear the so-called "Highway of Death" would, when shown on television, arouse an unfavorable public reaction. This, despite the fact that the continuance of Saddam Hussein in power threatened "the security and stability of the Persian Gulf"—one of President Bush's four stated objectives in the use of force against Iraq. And General Norman Schwarzkopf, seeking a surrender of Iraqi forces without explicit directives from civilian leaders, allowed the Iraqis to continue using helicopters, with which they suppressed Shiite uprisings against Saddam Hussein.

Vietnam veterans regretted that there was never any exit strategy from Vietnam. In the Gulf War, they got their clean and quick exit. But, of course, that exit was not clean, and we are still dealing with the consequences of it today. As Cohen emphasizes, Powell and Schwarzkopf did not usurp strategic control so much as George H. W. Bush and his civilian leaders abdicated it; Bush was delighted that the United States was leaving and that "Vietnam will soon be behind us."

The primacy of the military in the military-civilian relation continued through the 1990s, Cohen says—all the more so, because President Clinton sought "to avoid casualties which he felt himself peculiarly unable to justify." Secretary of Defense Les Aspin asked few tough questions of military commanders in Somalia and lost his job; Bosnia negotiator Richard Holbrooke met with what Cohen calls "mulish opposition" from his military counterpart, General Leighton Smith; General Wesley Clark, mistrusted by most other military leaders, got little cooperation during the struggle in Kosovo. Indeed, sources on the Joint

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Chiefs leaked news of military opposition to the Kosovo war. This was, as Cohen notes, "a far cry from the outraged but dutiful muteness with which the chiefs of staff of the Army and Navy accepted President Roosevelt's decision to invade North Africa in 1942, against their explicit and firm advice."

Supreme Command appears just as George W. Bush and his administration are making momentous decisions about whether and how we will go after Iraq. Bush does not appear, from what we know, to be Eliot Cohen's kind of supreme commander. He is known for delegating detail work to better informed subordinates. He reportedly speaks to General Tommy Franks, the theater commander, only a couple of times a week. He is not known to have immersed himself in the arcana of military technology as Lincoln and Churchill did, and he does not appear to have the close acquaintance with his military commanders of a Clemenceau or a Ben Gurion.

On the other hand, he evidently does have a capacity to ask intelligent and to-the-point questions which his subordinates may have dodged; the now-famous August 6 intelligence briefing, in which mention was made that al Qaeda might be involved in hijackings, responded to a presidential question about al Qaeda capabilities in the United States—a question it is now apparent that the CIA and the FBI did not think hard enough about.

Bush has also installed—against the reported advice of Colin Powell and others—a secretary of defense who seems to operate very much like Cohen's supreme commanders. Donald Rumsfeld reportedly talks to General Franks and to Joint Chiefs Chairman Richard Myers several times a day; he reportedly peppers them and other subordinates with questions, requests for more information, and suggestions. Rumsfeld's management has been described by Pentagon officials as "hands on," "brutally honest," "abusive"—words that sound very much like Alanbrooke's descriptions of Churchill's. There were stories before September 11 that Rumsfeld was in danger of losing his job because Pentagon military officers and civilians were enraged by his demands for military transformation, and an anti-Republican Washington press corps was licking its chops at the prospect of the first casualty of the Bush cabinet. My own view was that Rumsfeld was never in any danger of losing his job. The anger at him was evidence that he was doing his job as it should be done.

Now the complaints about Rumsfeld come out in different form. On May 24, the *Washington Post* ran a front-page article by the well-sourced Pentagon reporter Thomas Ricks that began: "The uniformed leaders of the U.S. military believe they have persuaded the Pentagon's civilian leadership to put off an invasion of Iraq until next year at the earliest and perhaps not to do it at all, according to senior Pentagon officials." The story may not mean exactly what Ricks's sources say. It makes it clear that Pentagon civilian and military leaders have been planning action against Iraq, and that (as a May 19 story by James Dao in the *New York Times* said) they are having trouble deciding how to deal with Saddam Hussein's probable use of chemical and biological weapons. That is a difficult problem, and it seems sure that no military plans have been finalized; President Bush assured German chancellor Gerhard Schröder and French president Jacques Chirac, both queasy about a war with Iraq, that he did not have any military plans against Iraq on his desk.

But they will have to get there someday if he is to keep his promise of regime change in Iraq. "Time is not on our side," he said in his State of the Union speech on January 29. And does anyone take seriously the proposal, advanced by opponents of action against Iraq, that things will be just fine if we can get some general to overthrow Saddam in a coup?

To find a workable plan for action against Iraq, Bush is going to have to act more like Cohen's supreme commanders than he has so far, and he is going to have to give full backing to Rumsfeld's efforts as well. War is too important to be left entirely to the generals. It is time for the supreme commander to command. ♦

An Old-Fashioned War

Michael Oren's authoritative account of the Six Day War—and its legacy. **BY AMITAI ETZIONI**

In *Six Days of War: June 1967 and the Making of the Modern Middle East*, Michael B. Oren gives a meticulous, blow-by-blow history of what is, unfortunately, an old-fashioned kind of war.

Six Days of War
June 1967 and the Making of the Modern Middle East
by Michael B. Oren
Oxford University Press, 446 pp., $30

Just before the short but decisive conflict, Egypt had closed the Straits of Tiran and demanded the removal of the United Nations forces that were serving as buffers in Sinai and the Gaza Strip. As the Egyptian army marshaled on the southern border of Israel, an Israeli morning raid eliminated the Egyptian air force, catching most planes on the ground, concentrated in small areas. Egypt proceeded to attack, but its forces—without air cover—were quickly defeated, retreating in disarray. Further fighting with Syria led to the Israelis' capture of the Golan Heights. Jordan entered the battle late (and

Amitai Etzioni is a university professor at the George Washington University and the author, most recently, of The Monochrome Society.

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reluctantly) and was quickly defeated, which resulted in the capture of the West Bank by Israel and the integration of the eastern parts of Jerusalem into the Israeli capital.

Michael Oren has impressive credentials to tell this story. A military historian trained at Princeton University, he has written the well-received *Origins of the Second Arab-Israeli War* and served in the government of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. In *Six Days of War* he lines up facts, more facts, and still more facts, with little editorializing. He has dug up carloads of documents, many previously secret or inaccessible, in Russian and Arabic, to advance his fine-grained documentation. Oren's writing is clear and unadorned, allowing the swift development of events to provide the drama, and he closes *Six Days of War* with seventy-three pages of endnotes and an extensive bibliography. It is altogether a serious and important work.

In a very useful opening chapter, Oren provides the historical context for the Six Day War—the conflict that, in turn, established the framework for many of the geopolitical issues with which the Middle East is still contending. It is a familiar story of the Jews of the Diaspora settling in what they believed to be a land with few people. In 1947 the United Nations "General Assembly Resolution 181" created two states, Arab and Jewish, with Jerusalem under an international regime. But both the local Palestinians and the neighboring Arab states refused to accept the arrangement, choosing instead to fight Israel from the day it was born. (I served as an Israeli commando in the Palmach at the time and can testify to Oren's accuracy.)

Six Days of War also shows how the Israeli-Arab conflict was quickly caught up in the Cold War, with the Soviet Union actively supporting certain states (especially Syria and, more indirectly, the Palestinians) and the United States supporting others (Israel and Iran). This discussion is particularly useful, for it highlights how much the world has changed since 1990. Soviet-style socialism never really had

Hulton Getty

Egyptian soldiers captured by the Israeli army in June 1967.

much force in the Arab world. Nationalism did provide some motivation, but not enough to fill the rank and file of the Arab armies with a strong desire to fight. Instead, the kind of ideological fervor that leads to suicide bombers and people willing to spend years preparing terrorist attacks on civilians has come, since the collapse of Soviet communism and the fading of the Cold War, from a new force: Islamic fundamentalism.

Recently there was a fight among the hundreds of volunteers for a suicide bombing mission in Gaza—because one of the candidates jumped the queue, taking the place another considered his. And many millions of Muslims across numerous countries, egged on by Arabic TV, have made eliminating Israel (the little Satan) and the United States (the big Satan) a tenet of their faith.

And the problem we face, the problem that Michael Oren points us to in *Six Days of War*, is that simple, decisive, six-day wars are no longer possible. The campaign against terrorism by Israel and the United States will be a prolonged struggle. Its proper metaphor is not—sadly—the Six Day War, but the Cold War. We are engaged in a long, tedious, and brutal war with virulent forms of Islam, during which will have to be a fight over the hearts and minds of those we face. We shall have to help them to see the virtue of free governments and open societies over the dogmatic life under theocratic regimes that now not only terrorize, but also ideologically mobilize them by playing on religious symbols.

When liberal democracies fight terrorism, they face a moral dilemma. The individual terrorists hide within the civilian population and do not fight by traditional rules of war. And the countries that support them place their missiles, topped with chemical and biological agents, next to schools, hospitals, and mosques. So, when we fight terrorists in Afghanistan (or when Israel fights them in Jenin), there are inevitably civilian casualties.

Part of this is hardly a new issue. We faced it during World War II when we fire-bombed Dresden. And, of course, we faced such moral challenges in Hiroshima and in Vietnam. But we must now face this issue on a wholly new level. Nearly all of World War II was conducted in the old-fashioned way. Even in Vietnam we faced an army of North Vietnamese, although they were extensively supported by what today would be called South Vietnamese terrorists, mixed in with the civilian population.

In contrast, today we fight a worldwide war against terrorists who hide *only* among civilians. Moreover, if caught, they claim all the rights we bestow on civilians, supported by civil-libertarian lawyers, and backed up all too often by judges who think that they

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are dealing with garden-variety criminals. And, in terrorist nations such as Iraq, not only are there more than a few instances of major military assets being hidden among and under civilian quarters, but such positioning is systematically pursued. In short, we are unable to overcome terrorism without causing "collateral damage" on an entirely new order of magnitude.

The Six Day War belongs squarely in the camp of old-fashioned conflicts: The regular military forces of Israel and its Arab neighbors fought with "remarkably few civilian casualties," as Oren puts it. Of course, that's not to say the Six Day War, like every war, was without moral ambiguities. It was, on the face of it, a war in which Israel launched the first attacks—which has allowed it to be used by such revisionist Israeli historians as Ilan Pappé and Avi Shlaim as a prime example of wickedness in their spate of recent books blaming Israel for everything from the very existence of armed conflicts in the Middle East to Arab intransigence to the rejection of Ehud Barak's extreme peace offer.

But—as demonstrated in the recent "Letter From America" statement signed by sixty American intellectuals, which applies just-war theory to our fight against terrorism—a preventive war is not necessarily wrong. A just war is a war in which we aim to defend innocents from harm, to oppose a clear and present danger, and to address a situation that cannot be plausibly mitigated through negotiations. Although Oren does not delve into this issue, he clearly views the Six Day War as a just war, because Israel—given its small territory—could not wait until it was attacked by the forces that were amassing on its border. (When it did, during the 1973 Yom Kippur War, it was nearly overrun and destroyed.)

Oren thus provides a healthy counter to the Israeli revisionists. Above all, he reminds us how the world has changed when it comes to civilian involvement in wars. The people who were supposed to be kept out of the range of combat are now the *main* targets. Suicide bombers in Israel much prefer to attack Passover dinners, open-air markets, and discotheques over military targets. The Pentagon was the only military target among the four at which terrorists took aim on September 11. We have seen Iraqi chemical weapons unleashed on villages full of Kurds—and we know such weapons are aimed at Tel Aviv and Riyadh.

Agence France Presse

Rehavam Zeevi and Moshe Dayan, June 13, 1967.

Moreover, as we are learning in Afghanistan (on a small scale), we cannot avoid civilian casualties in fighting such terrorism. Most likely there would be many more in a war with Iraq. We should not, therefore, shy away from facing the moral dilemmas of fighting terrorism, suggesting that they are raised mainly by left-wing eggheads or a few misguided Europeans who hate America. This is a key point. Those we must convince include opinion-makers in nations from which we need help—because terrorists can hide in their free societies (as in Germany), or use their all-too-easy protocols to obtain passports (as in Belgium), or pass through their airports known for weak security (as in Greece). We must never hit civilians sheerly out of revenge and we must continue seeking technological and other measures to reduce civilian casualties. Perhaps most important, we must be extremely cautious about intelligence. Mistakes are unavoidable, but they threaten our credibility and moral fortitude.

Still, when all is said and done, we must come to terms with the fact that if we are to prevent a Saddam from doing to our troops and to our allies what he has done to his own citizens, we may have to cause quite a few more civilian casualties than we have so far. The deciding factor may be that such an attack may ultimately lead to a smaller number of casualties on both sides—a consideration that tipped the moral scale for the bombing of Hiroshima.

We may find solace in what ought to be called "collateral gains." We have learned in Afghanistan that the overwhelming majority of its people wanted to be released from the yolk of the tyrannical government that had terrorized them for decades. Far from being fanatical (as many of us, only two years ago, supposed most Afghans were), they were dancing in the streets when freed from the Taliban. A visit to Iran this May left me without the slightest doubt that about 80 percent of the population of that country (as indicated by election polls and their behavior) do not favor the fanatical regime imposed on them by the mullahs. And although Iraq is governed by a secular and not a theocratic tyranny, the fact that it has to rely on terror to keep its own people in check is a sign that American troops may soon be welcomed as liberators in Al Basrah and in Baghdad, as they have been in Kabul.

As we prepare for all of this, Michael Oren's *Six Days of War* is a key volume—both to remind us how the modern Middle East came into existence and to teach us what kind of war we are no longer able to fight. ♦

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War Crimes

William F. Buckley's historical fiction.

BY VICTORINO MATUS

Even the name of Nuremberg has a frightening ring. The medieval city was home to princes, painters, and the Meistersingers. But in the 1930s it was also home to the notorious Nuremberg rallies, where Adolf Hitler gathered his minions and extolled the greatness of his thousand-year Reich. And it was there in 1935 that the infamous Nuremberg Laws were drafted—laws that officially deprived Jews of their basic rights not only as German citizens but as human beings.

These were the reasons the Allies in 1945 chose Nuremberg as the symbolically powerful site for the most important trial of the twentieth century—that of twenty-four of the highest-ranking leaders of Nazi Germany (a number reduced to twenty-two by the ill health of one prisoner and the suicide of another). The creation of the International Military Tribunal, with judges from the United States, Britain, France, and the Soviet Union, was unprecedented. No government had ever been tried in a court of law for crimes against the whole of civilization. But the Allies were intent on treating the Nazi party not as a legitimate political entity but as a criminal conspiracy, one that waged wars of aggression on peaceful neighbors and violated international treaties by maltreating prisoners of war and civilians.

David Peltson

Nuremberg
The Reckoning
by William F. Buckley Jr.
Harcourt, 366 pp., $25

William F. Buckley Jr.
A Bibliography
edited by William F. Meehan III
ISI, 250 pp., $29.95

Those trials are the subject of *Nuremberg: The Reckoning*, William F. Buckley Jr.'s fifteenth novel. (For a sense of just how much Buckley has written, readers can consult William F. Meehan's new *William F. Buckley Jr: A Bibliography*—an extremely daunting list of everything the founder of *National Review* has published since his 1951 classic *God and Man at Yale*.)

Nuremberg: The Reckoning is a good read, historically accurate, and seamless in its weaving of two stories into one giant web that connects characters past and present, while dealing with larger issues of moral responsibility and the nature of humanity. The story opens in Hamburg 1939, a few days before the German invasion of Poland. Annabelle and Axel Reinhard and their thirteen-year-old son Sebastian are preparing for a trip to America, where young "Sebby" will attend school.

But if Axel, a gifted civil engineer, thought he could evade the Gestapo, he was mistaken. An agent confronts him and offers a deal: Work for the Fatherland and you and your family will not be prosecuted. Leave your wife and son aboard the ship as it prepares to set sail.

The family is torn apart and Sebastian and his mother must live in the hope that Axel will eventually escape. Four years later, they receive a letter stating that "Herr Axel Reinhard is a casualty of the war for the defense of the Fatherland. His name will be honored after our victory."

By the time Sebby is old enough to serve in the U.S. Army, the war is winding down. Still, there is a demand for soldiers who speak fluent German, and he finds himself assigned to help conduct the Nuremberg trials. The defendant for whom Lieutenant Reinhard has specific responsibility is General Kurt Amadeus—the Nazi who was commandant of "Camp Joni," an abominable *Vernichtungslager* where approximately two hundred fifty thousand prisoners, mostly Russian POWs and Jews, perished.

Sebastian and Amadeus develop an eerie relation. Sebby's demeanor of fairness relaxes the SS general, allowing him to be more candid (and chillingly so) about his thoughts on the Reich. When the young lieutenant asks, "Did you consider it a part of your duty to inquire why being Jewish meant being an enemy of the Third Reich?"

Amadeus responds casually: "You speak, Lieutenant Reinhard, as if the case against the Jews was only a—what shall I say?—a peculiarity of the Führer. Of course that is not the case. It was simply that the Führer had the courage to act on the anti-Semitism of most Europeans." And on it goes. But the more time Sebastian spends with Amadeus, the closer he gets to finding out the truth about his own father. It turns out General Amadeus has knowledge of Axel Reinhard, and what he reveals to Sebastian will forever haunt him.

Although Kurt Amadeus and Camp Joni are fictional, Nazi commandants

Victorino Matus is an assistant managing editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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were in fact brought to Nuremberg to testify on the workings of extermination sites.

Rudolf Höss of Auschwitz, for example, admitted that "at least 2,500,000 victims were executed and exterminated there by gassing, and burning, and at least another half million succumbed to starvation and disease, making a total dead of about 3,000,000."

Whitney Harris, a counsel to chief prosecutor Justice Robert Jackson, explains that "Höss made his confession, not in philosophical justification of what he had done, but simply as the explanation of a loyal member of the Party—a follower of Hitler and Himmler."

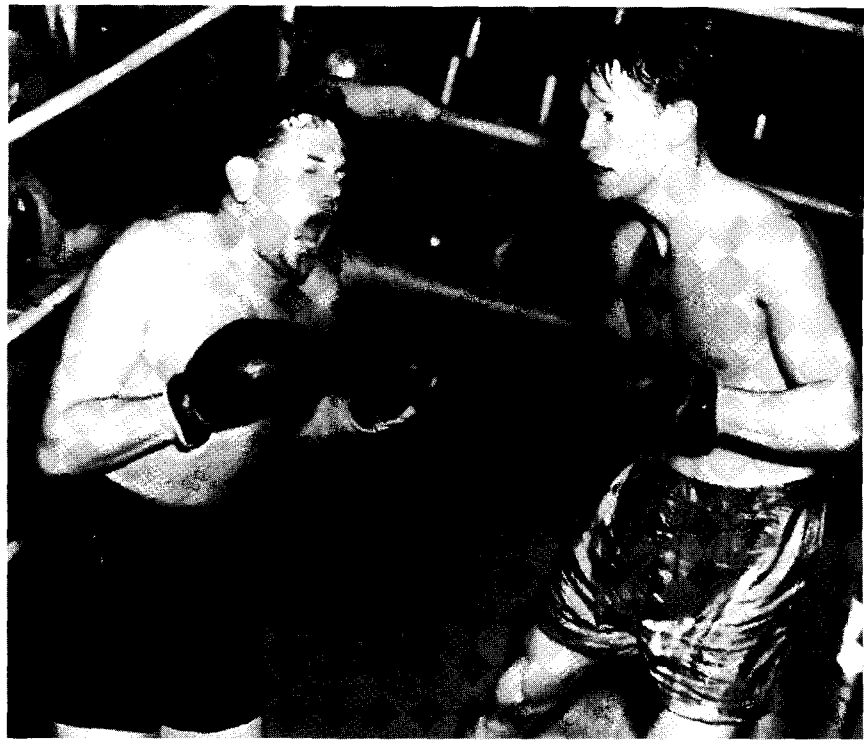
So shocking was his testimony that even the ruthless former governor general of Poland, Hans Frank, said, "That was the low point of the entire trial, . . . that is something that people will talk about for a thousand years."

The one thing Buckley glides over is how the hangings were botched. Sergeant John Woods, the hangman, had presided over 347 executions prior to Nuremberg. But with the eleven war criminals, the operation went far from smoothly.

The necks of many of the criminals didn't immediately snap. Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop dangled for seventeen minutes. Chief of Staff Alfred Jodl, eighteen minutes. Wilhelm Keitel, chief of the high command of German armed forces, twenty-eight minutes. (Göring escaped the hangman altogether by using a vial of poison that many suspect was given him by a sympathizing American officer.)

Nuremberg: The Reckoning is steeped in history but is not bogged down by the complexities of international law. Buckley's characters, both real and fictional, are intensely personal.

The novel also shows with a fine clarity what was ultimately at stake—what British justice Sir William Norman Birkett described as "a duel to the death between the representative of all that is worthwhile in civilization and the last surviving protagonist of all that is evil." ♦



John Garfield and Art Dorrell in *Body and Soul* (1947). All movie stills: Everett Collection.

Fight Night

Bad boxing makes good movies.

BY BRIAN MURRAY

A certain suspense surrounds the June 8 heavyweight bout between Lennox Lewis and Mike Tyson. Lewis is the defending champion, a tall, talented boxer who tends to work very fast or very slow. Against Tyson, will Lewis rush his attack, seeking a quick knockout? Or will he hang back, flicking jabs, building points, assuming that Tyson will fade? And what about Lewis's delicate chin? In forty-two fights, he's lost only twice—but both times, Lewis's opponent eliminated him with a single punch.

Tyson remains a feared puncher, having amassed forty-three knockouts in fifty-four fights. More recently, however, he's become noted less for his boxing skills than for his bizarre behavior. "Iron Mike" is "Mad Mike" now, vowing that on the night of the fight "flesh will not be enough. I will take Lennox's title, his soul, and smear his pompous brains all over the ring."

Brian Murray teaches writing at Loyola College in Baltimore.

If this proves untenable, will he settle for biting Lewis's ears? Or punching the referee?

The truth is, the challenger Tyson is the real star of this shabby show. These prominent heavyweights have been avoiding each other for more than a decade, opting for easier paydays against more yielding foes. (Think only of Lewis's dubious "draw" with Evander Holyfield in 1999, or of Lewis, a year later, effortlessly dispatching the hapless Michael Grant.) Boxing draws watchers on cable television, but it has seen far better days—most of them a long way back, when Joe Louis was champion and Sugar Ray Robinson a rising star. The press ignores it except when Tyson goes bonkers or some other scandal looms. Picture the boxing scene today, and one thinks of the WBA, the WBO, the IBF—and the FBI. Recent court trials have exposed, at the sport's highest levels, a continuing pattern of corruption and sleaze.

It's confusing, too. These sanctioning bodies—including the World Box-

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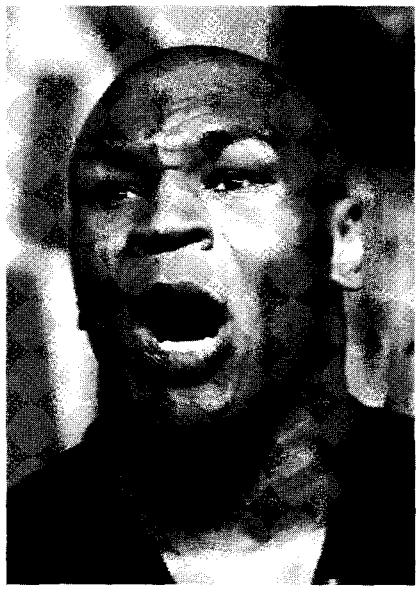
ing Association, the World Boxing Organization, and the International Boxing Federation—often promote different contenders and crown different champions. In Joe Louis's day, or even Muhammad Ali's, the sport could boast "undisputed" heavyweight, middleweight, and welterweight champions. Now there are sometimes three or more "world champions" in seventeen weight divisions, from heavyweight to what the IBF calls "mini-flyweight." Thus Andrew Lewis is welterweight champion. So is Shane Mosley. And so is Vernon Forrest. You need a subscription to *Ring* magazine just to keep track of them all.

The curious thing, however, is that when real boxing slumps, movie boxing thrives. The last few years have seen *Night and the City*, *The Great White Hype*, *The Boxer*, *Snake Eyes*, and more come to the theaters. *The Hurricane*, *Play it to the Bone*, and a host of other boxing melodramas have appeared on HBO. *Ali*, one of last year's most widely promoted films, has just been released on video, and a slew of further boxing movies are in the works, including—for better or worse—Spike Lee's treatment of Joe Louis's famous bouts, in 1936 and 1938, with Max Schmeling.

Boxing's cinematic appeal isn't hard to understand. Prizefighters are often colorful figures, driven by risk. They're generally surrounded by trainers, managers, and flacks, but ultimately they work alone, in a confined but public space, their strengths and weaknesses brutally exposed.

Like westerns, movies about boxing are a long-established film genre of strong tropes that the viewer immediately recognizes. The contender climbs. The underdog fights his fears. The champion fights his demons, his temptations, and the twin lures of lust and greed. And like westerns, boxing movies are almost always morality plays, inevitably informed by the values and assumptions of their times.

Consider *City for Conquest*, directed by Anatole Litvak and released in 1940. It stars James Cagney as Danny Kenny, a likable fellow and—for movie



Al Bello / Getty Images

REUTERS / Mike Blake

Mike Tyson and Lennox Lewis pose before their June 8 fight.

audiences in the 1940s—a recognizable type. Danny drives a truck but aspires to more. He's like the seven million New Yorkers who, the film announces, "come like locusts from every nation on the globe, clawing and fighting their way to get a foot on a ladder that might lead them to success."

Danny claws and fights, hits it big, and takes his success in stride. He stays true to his girl, and he supports his brother, a composer whose symphonic salute to New York City (scored by Max Steiner) functions throughout the film as a rousing leitmotif. Danny's career ends, however, when he's blinded during a title fight. But stoicism and humility were popular American virtues sixty years ago, and so he accepts his fate and maintains his good cheer. *City for Conquest* is a melodrama (and a good one) in which fidelity and selflessness are hailed as the highest virtues.

Similar values pervade *Body and Soul* (1947), a darker movie with a more explicitly anti-boxing theme. Like Danny Kenny, its lead character Charlie Davis isn't particularly attracted to the violence of the ring. But he fears failure and poverty, and he wants to support his family, struggling for respectability on New York's Lower East Side. He also wants to impress his girl—a painter who quotes William Blake and represents, the film makes clear, an ideal of refinement and grace.

Charlie's moral dilemma comes when Roberts, the gambler who promotes him, orders him to throw a big fight. If Charlie wins, he risks swimming the Hudson in a pair of cement shoes. If he loses, he retires a wealthy man. By this point Charlie has been thoroughly compromised by the fight game and Roberts's world of fast money, swank night clubs, and flashy dames. He's all set to take a dive. But anti-heroes weren't around in Hollywood in the 1940s. The Jewish Charlie has his conscience stirred when, just prior to the bout, he visits his old neighborhood and meets a friend full of ethnic pride. "Over in Europe," he reminds Charlie, "Nazis are killing people like us, just because of their religion. But here, Charlie Davis is champion. So you win, you retire as champion, and be proud."

Boxing movies, good and bad, appeared almost yearly from the late 1940s through the early 1960s. This was a bad time for the sport, and its critics were even more vocal than they are today. Despite the presence of popular fighters—especially Sugar Ray Robinson, Rocky Marciano, and Archie Moore—the press increasingly portrayed the sport as dishonest and dangerous, the athletic equivalent of Russian roulette. In "Legalized Murder," a 1950 article for *Look* magazine,

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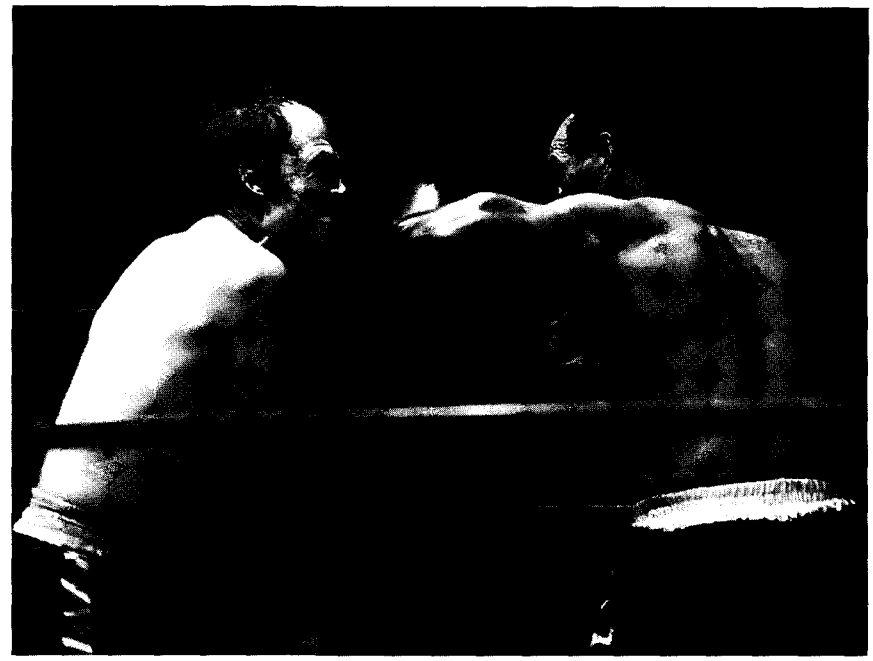
a physiologist named A.H. Steinhaus claimed that an average of ten fighters died each year from boxing-related injuries. Other fighters, "their brains knocked out," became "the living dead of pugilism, the victims of its occupational disease: punch drunkenness."

Senate hearings in the early 1960s confirmed the wide assumption that professional boxing had been essentially run for years by Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo, shifty promoters with links to organized crime. Carbo and his boys routinely muscled fighters and their managers to take bribes and rig matches—even championships.

Not surprisingly, many of the better boxing films of the era—including *Champion* (1949), *The Set Up* (1949), and *Requiem for a Heavyweight* (1962)—took up boxing's seamier side. Based on Budd Schulberg's 1946 novel, *The Harder They Fall* (1956) is the best of these. Its main villain, Nick Benko, is a ruthless promoter convinced that boxing is nothing more than a crude form of show business. But Benko worries that marketable fighters have grown scarce. "All the good fighters are gone," he laments. "The boys are getting too smart. They all want to go to college. They don't want to fight for a living." So Benko looks elsewhere for fresh blood and finds a circus performer and promoter's dream named Toro Moreno in Argentina. Toro (played by Mike Lane) is modeled partly on Primo Carnera, a lumbering giant who briefly held the heavyweight belt in the 1930s, following a series of dubious victories. Built like a silo and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, Toro towers over his opponents. But he doesn't know a straight right from a left jab. So Benko feeds him "tank artists" paid to cower and drop.

To help promote Toro, Benko hires an unemployed sports reporter named Eddie Willis, played by Humphrey Bogart in his final film role. The jaded Eddie quickly spots Toro's liabilities: "a powder puff punch and a glass jaw." But Eddie has bills to pay, and he's tired of scraping by on a newsman's wages: "When a man passes forty," he says, "he shouldn't have to run anymore." Suppressing his scruples, Eddie becomes Toro's publicist and, eventually, his trusted friend. But Eddie soon finds himself sinking in a world of moral compromise. At close range he finds the fight game a tawdry circus of gamblers and pimps and managers who regard their fighters with sneering contempt.



Stacy Keach takes a blow in Fat City *(1972).*

Toro's myth is shattered when he meets the reigning champion, a psychopathic brawler obsessed with making "the Wild Man of the Andes" look bad. In his final fight, Toro is savaged, left battered and senseless on the mat. Benko completes the humiliation by stealing Toro's pay, leaving him fifty bucks out of a million-dollar gate. "You let him get beat to a pulp," Eddie tells Benko, "and then you leave him with a hole in his pocket." In the film's final scenes, Eddie is back at his typewriter, vowing to expose the plight of fighters in a murky system run by dishonorable men.

Boxing revived during the 1960s, thanks largely to Muhammad Ali, who—as Cassius Clay—first won the heavyweight title in 1964 at the age of twenty-two. But Ali wasn't alone. Between the mid-1960s and late 1980s, boxing was thick with talent, which meant that Ali's opponents included some brilliant fighters: Joe Frazier, George Foreman, Ken Norton, Larry Holmes. Meanwhile, great middleweights appeared: Marvin Hagler, Tommy Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Duran. And then there was Raymond "Boom Boom" Mancini, who was himself like a scripted character—a resilient, likable lightweight who fought in tribute to his father, a top contender in the 1930s and 1940s.

With so much theater and accomplished fighting in the ring, the boxing movie had gone into decline by the early 1970s. There were, however, some notable exceptions, including *Fat City* (1972), directed by John Huston and based closely on an excellent novel by Leonard Gardner. *Fat City* opens with shots of the seedier side of Stockton, California. Its protagonist, Billy Tubbs (Stacy Keach), is first glimpsed in his grim apartment surrounded by empty bottles of booze: In an era of bleak movies—including *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), *Easy Rider* (1969), and *Joe* (1970)—*Fat City* provides its own atmosphere of failure and despair.

But *Fat City* is also a fine, unpretentious film offering a fair look at the world of small-time prizefighting. In recent years, boxing, like yoga, has

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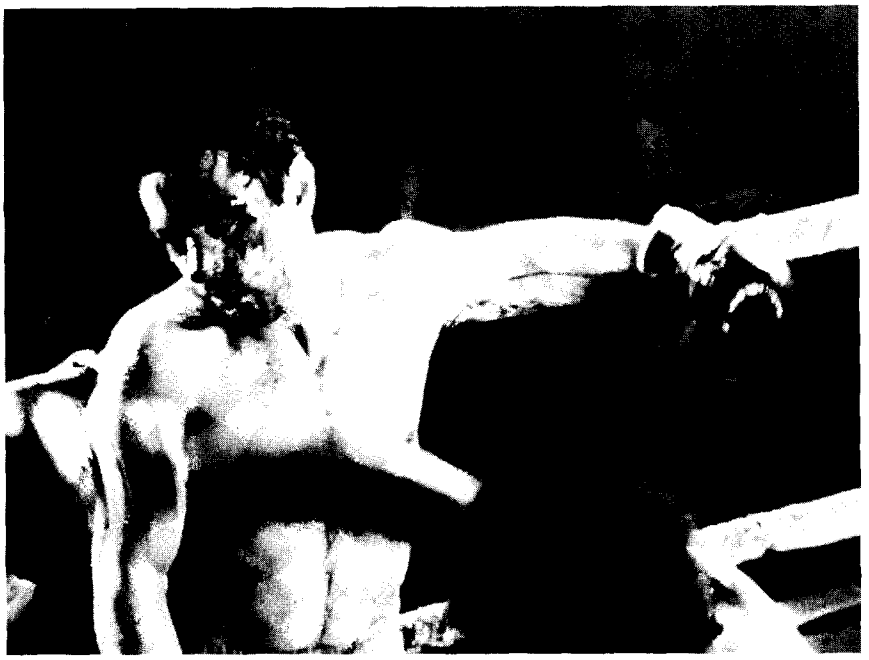

Robert DeNiro after taking many blows in Raging Bull *(1980).*

become trendy, and it's still not uncommon, in some big-city gyms, to spot sous chefs and software designers hitting the bags and looking tough. *Fat City* shows that real fighters are almost always troubled, oddly vulnerable souls for whom discipline and distraction are more pressing needs than the distant prospect of wealth and fame. And to have true careers, fighters require a trait that guys who read the *Wine Spectator* tend to lack: the regular, focused ability to pummel another human being and, in turn, absorb countless blows to the head.

Initially *Rocky* (1976) appears set to cover similar ground. Like *Fat City*, it opens with gritty scenes of urban blight; its hero, Rocky Balboa, is a club fighter with vague means of support. Rocky, too, is a chump, one assumes, caught in a dirty world of fruitless struggle.

But then the film turns. Sylvester Stallone, its screenwriter and star, reached back to the 1950s for inspiration—specifically, to *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, the 1956 adaptation of Rocky Graziano's bestselling autobiography that celebrates boxing's character-building virtues. Graziano started life in a slum, taking naturally to crime and spending time in the can. In the army, he assaulted an officer, went AWOL, and found himself incarcerated in the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, where he learned to box—and boxing redeemed him. Played by Paul Newman in the film, Graziano went on to become a top contender and, the film suggests, a model husband. Proud of his accomplishments and protective of his family, the film-version Graziano stops running with hoods and gamblers, and refuses to take a dive. Like all boxing movies, *Somebody Up There Likes Me* ends with a vivid, bloody dramatization of the Big Fight—in this case, a legendary middleweight battle, Graziano vs. Tony Zale.

Boxing also redeems Rocky Balboa. Stallone's script casts the sport in a wholly positive, if fanciful, light, largely eliminating the presence of shifty promoters and suggesting, impossibly, that a champion like Apollo Creed can blithely pluck contenders from the ranks of unheralded bums. Rocky, of course, makes the most of his bout with Creed, and his brave performance underscores the patriotic themes of a film released in the bicentennial year.

One hesitates to knock the most popular boxing movie of all time, and *Rocky* does have its charms. But it is also cloying and annoying. Stallone obviously admires his own physique, and the film grants us plenty of opportunities to admire it, too. Rocky's gruff but trusty trainer (Burgess Meredith) comes straight from Central Casting. His girlfriend (Talia Shire) is lifted from Pier Angeli's portrayal of Graziano's wife in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*—just as Stallone's Rocky is essentially an extended imitation of Newman's loose imitation of Graziano. The two talk similarly, walk similarly, and are similarly shy around girls. (Although Newman doesn't look like he spent years drinking protein supplements on Muscle Beach. He looks like a guy who lived in the Village, studying method acting with Elia Kazan.)

The success of *Rocky* very probably inspired the 1980 release of Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull*, which, like *Rocky*, was produced by Robert Chartoff and Irwin Winkler. *Raging Bull* also nods to the boxing films of the 1940s and 1950s—but Scorsese is no Stallone, and *Raging Bull* evokes darker, more explicitly anti-boxing films like *Body and Soul* and *The Harder They Fall*.

Like *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, *Raging Bull* is based on one of the better boxing books: Jake La Motta's 1970 autobiography. La Motta's book is a compelling if unfocused piece of self-analysis by a man who, despite his lack of formal education, had read fairly widely and thought frequently about the roots and consequences of his self-destructive actions.

La Motta's credo is: "Just don't trust anybody, anywhere, anytime." But elsewhere he admits that his life has been ruled and warped by fear of "God, fate, life." As a fighter, La Motta was celebrated for his steady legs and concrete head. He beat Ray Robinson and Marcel Cerdan, and he held the middleweight crown.

But Scorsese is less interested in La Motta's boxing than in the harrowing landscape of his mind. In the film version of *Raging Bull*, La Motta is sadistic, masochistic, and crude; he is jealous, paranoid, and capable of throwing a fight for a bigger payday down the

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road. He is a good fighter but a weak man, a flawed hero in unheroic times.

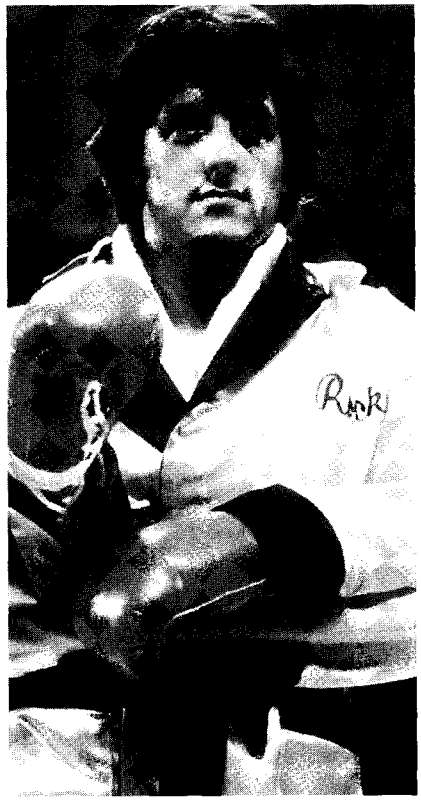
These days, in 2002, boxing is not, in fact, hopelessly corrupt. Smart fighters can, with the right guidance and legal advice, leave the game rich and secure. Many longtime fighters have survived the sport and thrived: Just ask George Foreman, television commentator, grill salesman, and millionaire. But the fact that boxing destroys so many of its own is one of the key elements of its dramatic appeal. One thinks more readily of Jerry Quarry, Floyd Patterson, and—most of all—Muhammad Ali, all of whom have suffered boxing's "occupational hazard": permanent damage of the brain.

Like Babe Ruth, Ali was one of sport's transcendent figures, somehow embodying—and exploiting—the spirit of his times. Ali was not a reader or a highly thoughtful man given to prolonged bouts of self-analysis, like Patterson. Blessed with height, speed, and intelligence, Ali was a heavyweight who fought like a middleweight, with speed and guile, like Sugar Ray Robinson, his boyhood hero. Most impressively—and fatefully—he could take a punch and a pounding better than any big man, ever.

Last year's film treatment, *Ali*, was credited to four screenwriters. Perhaps as a result, the movie proved a mess: an unfocused piece of Hollywood hagiography with the pace and look of a made-for-cable movie. Every shot is a cliché. Ali's ring career is covered more or less, although his losses and near defeats—to Norton, Leon Spinks, and Holmes—are ignored. Ali's large, often disturbing personality isn't conveyed by the shallow script or by Will Smith's reverential imitation, which looks impressive in clips but soon proves wearing. (Ben Kingsley did a much better Gandhi.)

Ali, in fact, has little to say about boxing and a good deal to say about big-budget films assembled to divert everyone and offend no one. Its hero is vaguely portrayed as a victim of the system, a bit of a rebel and a survivor, tough but good-hearted. *Ali* is all surface, and its real interest is in all those cool props from the 1960s: tailfins, console televisions, rayon shirts.

The best films about Ali are both documentaries: *A.K.A. Cassius Clay* (1970), which concentrates on Ali's early career, and *When We Were Kings* (1996), which recounts his legendary 1974 fight with George Foreman in Zaire. Ali, by most accounts the underdog, won the "Rumble in the Jungle" by relying on defense, using his arms to block countless hard blows



Sylvester Stallone in Rocky (1976).

until Foreman wore himself out. *When We Were Kings* includes ample clips of Ali at press conferences and in interviews, blustering, pronouncing, holding forth in his brazen way. Long before Mike Tyson, Ali understood that fighters with vivid personalities are more likely to attract publicity and that provocation is good for the gate. And like many fighters, including Tyson, Ali had a dark side that emerged during his crude, cruel tauntings of Joe Frazier, a tough fighter with a thin hide.

But as *A.K.A. Cassius Clay* reveals, Ali, like Lennox Lewis—and unlike so many other fighters, including Mike Tyson—didn't endure want or neglect as a child. He grew up in a fairly stable lower-middle-class family. And like Lewis, Cassius Marcellus Clay started boxing as a boy, mentored by men who believed in the sport's character-building virtues. Ali fought hundreds of times as an adolescent, winning amateur titles and a gold medal at the 1960 Olympics. He was blessed with discipline and determination, and he believed that great fighters were noble figures and masters of their profession, like doctors and lawyers—a point he stresses in this quirky documentary.

In one especially amusing segment, Ali debates his place in boxing history with the cranky Cus D'Amato, another of boxing's great characters and the man who educated Tyson in the first stage of what was once a promising career. *A.K.A. Cassius Clay* also includes splendid footage of Ali's earliest fights, including his two bouts with Sonny Liston, who was not fat and flat-footed but a finely conditioned fighter with firm, if limited, ring command. Clay is all adrenaline, bouncing and jabbing, a blazing force of life.

A.K.A. Cassius Clay also shows how readily Muhammad Ali took to the stage. His popularity stemmed, in large measure, from his instinctive skills as a celebrity in an exploding media age. In the 1950s and 1960s, television still inspired a certain awe, and video interviews of the era show even veteran performers and public figures looking stiff before the camera's eye. But there is Ali, utterly at ease, joking, boasting, poeticizing, modulating his mood, adjusting his tone, controlling his audience, and holding the media in thrall throughout his career.

When one compares Ali's performance outside the ring with Tyson's or Lewis's—when one compares his performance inside the ring, for that matter—one has to admit that his day was a much better time for boxing. But the result was a much worse time for boxing movies. Either way, there's something worth watching. ♦

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The Standard Reader

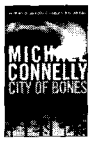
Books in Brief

***Married: A Fine Predicament* by Anne Roiphe (Basic, 285 pp., $25).** Feminists appear to be having second thoughts about the institution they deconstructed, now that the woods are teeming with unhappy singles. "There is abroad in the land an acute anxiety about marriage," announces Anne Roiphe, novelist, essayist, and self-confessed feminist. Gloria Steinem may believe "a woman needs a man the way a fish needs a bicycle," but Roiphe thirsted for "feminist family values": "I wanted a family the way a person lost in the desert wants a drink of water."

To her credit, Roiphe didn't make empty threats. She pursued wedded bliss in a discouraging social climate. Her father was a serial philanderer who drove her mother to drink. Her first husband left her "the way one leaves the scene of an accident, quickly." And even though she insists that "ever after is not a possibility," her second marriage appears to have taken her to cloud nine, with five daughters (one of them Katie, the maverick feminist celebrated for her book debunking date rape) and a happy husband. Her personal history has left Anne Roiphe with subversive thoughts. ("It wouldn't be a bad idea if it became uncool to live together before marriage.") But she has has no strategy for getting the toothpaste back in the tube. What she does is rattle on and on about the "predicament." Allusions to Emma Bovary, Anna Karenina, Medea, and Desdemona prove the author probably had a liberal arts education. She compares Clinton's congressional impeachment committee to the censorious community of Hester Prynne in *The Scarlet Letter*—gee whiz!

Married is sprinkled with gossip, grudges, small talk, and gratuitous references from the liberal boilerplate: "reactionary talk show hosts," "the religious right," "judgmental," "Jim Lehrer." But these are non sequiturs in a text that is hopelessly romantic. It concludes with a sentimental rhapsody over passing on the family china as a wedding gift. I loved it. But, one has to say, it comes a bit late in our cultural meltdown.

—Martin Levin



***City of Bones* by Michael Connelly (Warner, 394 pp., $25.95).** Over the past decade Michael Connelly has established himself as our premiere writer of "hard-boiled" detective stories. Though he lacks the literary flair of a Hammett or Chandler, he combines the virtues of their genre with those of the police procedural. His latest, *City of Bones*, is the eighth in a series featuring Los Angeles homicide detective Harry Bosch. The chance recovery of a human bone leads Bosch to discover the skeletal remains of a child murdered 20 years previously. Learning that the child had been the victim of "44 separate indications of trauma" over his short life, Bosch vows to get the killer.

That quixotic vow to solve a 20-year-old murder will come as no surprise to Connelly's readers. The most striking word used to describe Bosch throughout the series is "righteous"—a word that has fallen largely into ill-repute. Yet it is appropriate, for Bosch is animated not by a sense of moral superiority but by a need to rectify injustice. The most revealing passage in the book occurs when Bosch explains, "I have faith and I have a religion. Call it blue religion. . . . It's the belief that this won't just go by. That those bones came out of the ground for a reason. That they came out of the ground for me to find, and for me to do something about. And that's what holds me together and keeps me going."

City of Bones is well written and gripping, but in some ways unsatisfying. The brilliance of Connelly's series is in part due to the fact that the reader simultaneously is led to pull for Bosch and to dislike the total dedication that makes him characteristically rude and quick to anger. The Bosch of *City of Bones* is no model of urbanity (let alone the tough-guy-as-sensitive-male, as Robert Parker's Spenser has become), but he has lost his edge.

In this novel we see a Bosch who jokes, apologizes, expresses his feelings, and so on. The connection between Bosch's vices and his righteous virtue makes us hope Bosch rediscovers the incivility that allows him to be such a compelling champion of the just.

—Steve Lenzner

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Former MVP Ken Caminiti says steroid use is rampant in Major League Baseball.
–News item

Parody

Senators Say Steroid Use is Heavy

By Susan Page
USA TODAY

WASHINGTON, D.C. — "It's no secret what's going on in U.S. politics," says retired Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. "I'd say 60 percent of the members of the U.S. Senate are taking narcical anabolic steroids."

Former Senator Sam Nunn agrees. "It's obvious. Look at the size of these guys' egos. They're bulked up. They're massive!"

Narcical anabolic steroids contain chemicals that dramatically increase self-regard. They take a selfless person, and magnify him in his own eyes so he thinks he is the center of the universe. An already self-absorbed person becomes a self-appointed Sun God. Observers of the Senate have long suspected that the many members of the body achieved their "I walk on water" attitude pharmacologically, but until now no one knew the extent of steroid use.

Finally senators are breaking the code of silence. "You can spot the steroid users right off," says New Jersey Senator Robert Torricelli. "They fall into a state of trance like adoration at the sound of their own voice. They just never want to stop talking. They go on and on and on. They start quoting themselves. One of the things I've always observed, and I made this point on 'Hardball' the other night . . ."

For years rumors of steroid use have swirled around certain members. Gossips said that Senator Strom Thurmond was surviving solely on steroid-enhanced self-love, and that he actually had to take Viagra to compensate for some of the steroids' notorious side effects. Spokesmen have always denied this. "Strom Thurmond doesn't take Viagra. Strom Thurmond secretes Viagra," one aide protested.

Still, these recent testimonies will fuel suspicions, and have already angered some. "During my years of selfless service I have become one of the most admired and revered people in this country," says Maryland's Barbara Mikulski. "The idea that I would need some pill to enhance my performance is just ridiculous. I have always sought to comfort the afflicted

See COVER STORY next page ▶

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Hold Schools Accountable for Cost of Finished Graduate

Herbert J. Walberg is a distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and University Scholar, University of Illinois at Chicago.

U.S. taxpayers paid on average $108,730 to produce each 1998 high school graduate. But among the country's fifty largest districts, Cleveland, Ohio, graduates cost almost $300,000, whereas Utah's similar-sized Jordan School District produced graduates for one-fifth of Cleveland's cost. **The cost per finished graduate is as important a measure of a school system's productivity as the annual academic progress reports called for in President Bush's education reforms.**

According to the U.S. Department of Education, the annual per-pupil cost of K–12 public education was $6,189 for the 1997–98 school year, with state-level expenditures ranging from a low of $3,969 in Utah to a high of $9,643 in New Jersey. Because the purpose of these expenditures is to produce a high school graduate over a thirteen-year period, one measure of the cost of a K–12 education is $6,189 multiplied by thirteen, or $80,460 per pupil.

But Jay P. Greene of the Manhattan Institute recently calculated that only 74 percent of the class of 1998 actually graduated, ranging from a low of 59 percent in Tennessee to a high of 93 percent in Iowa. Graduation rates in the nation's fifty largest districts ranged from 28 percent in Cleveland to 87 percent in Fairfax County, Virginia.

Because the expenditure of $80,460 per pupil produced graduates only 74 percent of the time, the cost per *finished* U.S. high school graduate is $80,460 divided by 74 percent, or $108,730. Using this calculation provides a cost index to how productively each school, district, or state is using tax dollars.

This index varies significantly across jurisdictions. For example, it costs more to produce a high school graduate in the District of Columbia ($181,851) than in any of the fifty states. The three states with the highest costs per graduate are New Jersey ($156,701), New York ($155,507), and Alaska ($153,599). The three states with the lowest cost per graduate are Utah ($67,003), North Dakota ($75,542), and South Dakota ($77,818). The Dakotas are also efficient in another way: their students typically score in the highest range on national examinations.

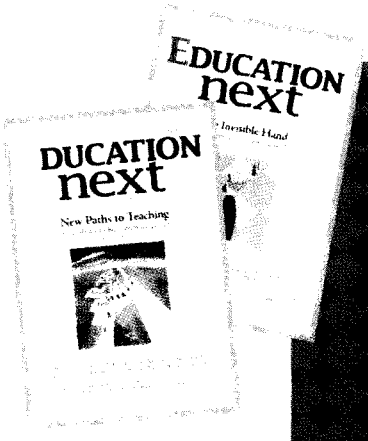
Of the fifty largest school districts, Utah's Jordan School District produces each finished graduate for only $59,199, just over half the U.S. average. **Cleveland has the highest cost per finished graduate in the country ($297,282)**, almost three times the U.S. average. Joining Cleveland are Milwaukee, Wisconsin ($243,886), and Columbus, Ohio ($197,080).

In these least efficient cities, lawmakers have recently tried vouchers (or scholarships) with which students are able to attend private schools in these areas. Studies by Caroline M. Hoxby and Paul E. Peterson, both of Harvard University and the Hoover Institution, show the benefits: lower costs, greater parental satisfaction, and increased achievment not only of scholarship students but of students who remain in public schools. "Overall, an evaluation of Milwaukee suggests that public schools have a strong, positive productivity response to competition from vouchers," says Hoxby. **"The schools that faced the most potential competition from vouchers had the best productivity response."**

If we want more, better-educated high school graduates and more value for tax dollars, the solution is obvious—unleash competition.

— Herbert J. Walberg

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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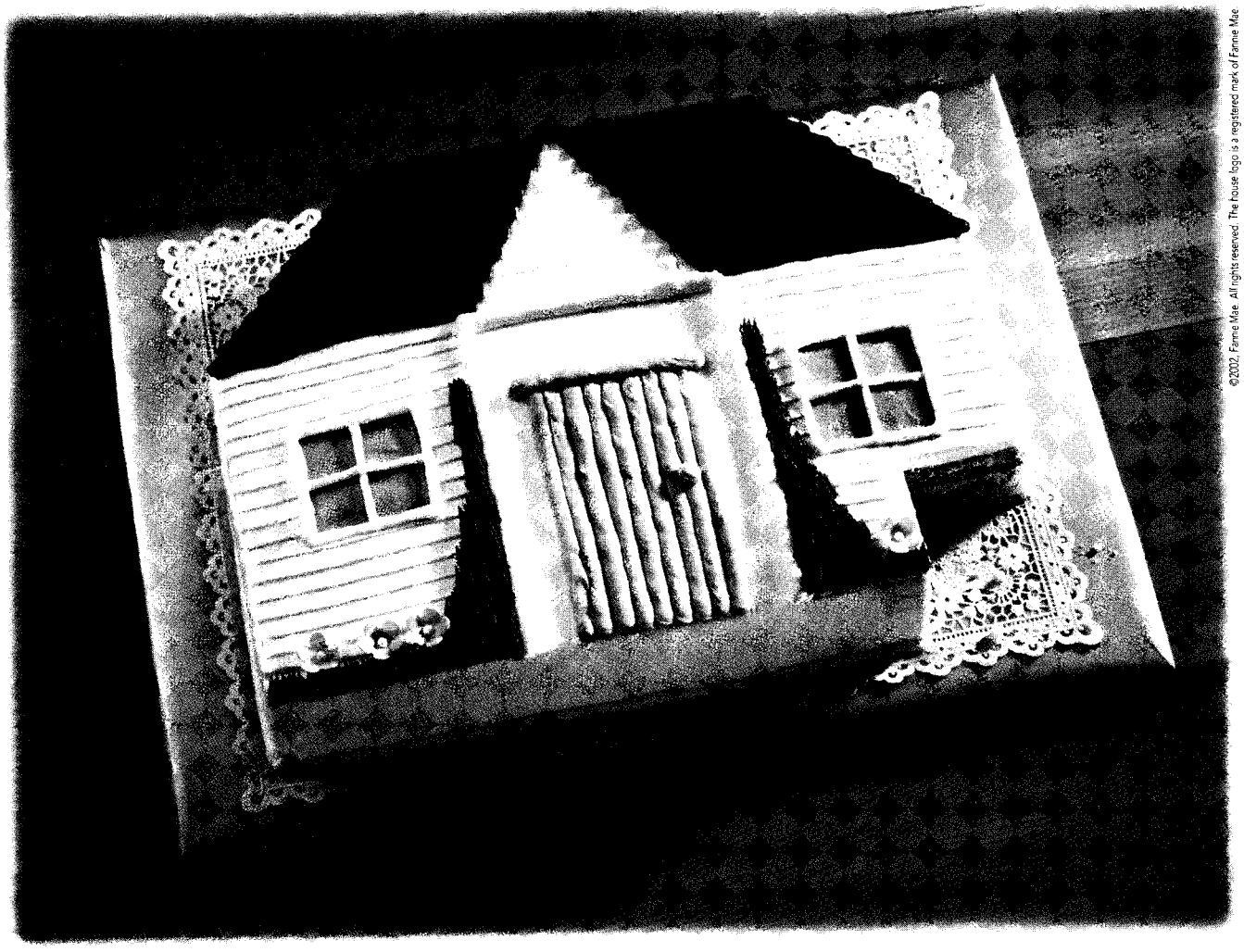

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